

VOLUME CLXV—NO. 48

The credit, therefore, of striking the first blow for freedom must forever rest with Newport.

Two months before the immortal Declaration was adopted, Rhode Island blazed the way by a Declaration of Independence all her own. It was couched in fully as vigorous language as the Declaration drafted by Jefferson and Franklin. This little commonwealth was ready and prepared to go it alone if none of her sister colonies saw fit to join her. She was plucky little commonwealth then as she has remained so to this day.



SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Arriving at the lonely little railroad station at El Cajon, New Mexico, Madeline Hammond, New York girl, finds no one to meet her. While in the waiting room a drunken cowboy enters, asks if she is married, and departs, leaving her terrified. She returns with a priest, who goes through some sort of ceremony, and the cowboy forces her to say "Al." Asking her name and learning her identity the cowboy seems dazed. In a shooting scrape outside the room a Mexican is killed. The cowboy lets a girl, Bonita, take his horse and escape, then conducts Madeline to Florence Kingsley, friend of her brother.

CHAPTER II.—Florence welcomes her, learns her story, and dismisses the cowboy, Gene Stewart. Next day Alfred Hammond, Madeline's brother, takes Stewart to task. Madeline exonerates him of any wrong intent.

CHAPTER III.—Alfred, son of a wealthy family, had been dismissed from his home because of his dissipation. Madeline sees that the West has ruined him. She meets Stillwell, Alf's employer, typical western ranchman. Madeline learns Stewart has gone over the border.

CHAPTER IV

A Ride From Sunrise to Sunset.

Next morning, when Madeline was aroused by her brother, it was not yet daybreak; the air chilled her, and in the gray gloom she had to feel around for matches and lamp. Her usual languid manner vanished at a touch of the cold water. Presently, when



"Well, If I Haven't Some Color!" She Exclaimed.

Alfred knocked on her door and said he was leaving a pitcher of hot water outside, she replied, with chattering teeth, "Thank you, but I don't need any now." She found it necessary, however, to warm her numb fingers before she could fasten hooks and buttons. And when she was dressed she marked in the dim mirror that there were fleaves of red in her cheeks.

"Well, if I haven't some color!" she exclaimed.

Breakfast waited for her in the dining-room. The sisters ate with her. Madeline quickly caught the feeling of brisk action that seemed to be in the air. Then Alfred came stamping in.

"Majesty, here's where you get the real thing," he announced, merrily.

"We're rushing you off, I'm sorry to say; but we must hustle back to the ranch. The fall round-up begins to-morrow. You will ride in the buckboard with Florence and Stillwell. I'll ride on ahead with the boys and fix up a little for you at the ranch. It's a long ride out—nearly fifty miles by wagon-road. Flo, don't forget a couple of robes. Wrap her up well. And hustle getting ready. We're waiting."

A little later, when Madeline went out with Florence, the gray gloom was lightening. Horses were champing bits and pounding gravel.

"Mawlin', Miss Majesty," said Stillwell, gruffly, from the front seat of a high vehicle.

Alfred bundled her up into the back seat, and Florence after her, and wrapped them with robes. Then he mounted his horse and started off.

As Madeline gazed about her and listened to her companions, the sun rose higher and grew warm and soiled and grew hot; the horses held tirelessly to their steady trot, and mile after mile of rolling land slipped by.

From the top of a ridge Madeline saw down into a hollow where a few of the cowboys had stopped and were sitting round a fire, evidently busy at the noonday meal. Their horses were feeding on the long, gray grass.

"Wal, smell of that burnin' grease-wood makes my mouth water," said Stillwell. "I'm sure hungry. We'll soon hear an' let the horses rest. It's a long pull to the ranch."

During lunch time Madeline observed that she was an object of unalloyed great interest to the three cowboys. She returned the compliment, and was amused to see that a glance their way caused them painful embarrassment. They were grown men—one of whom had white hair—yet they acted like boys caught in the act of stealing a forbidden look at a pretty girl.

"Cowboys are sure all flirts," said Florence, as if stating an uninteresting fact. But Madeline detected a merry twinkle in her blue eyes. The cow-

CHAPTER V

The Round-Up.

It was a crackling and roaring of fire that awakened Madeline next morning, and the first thing she saw was a huge stone fireplace in which lay a bundle of blazing sticks. Some one had kindled a fire while she slept. For a moment the curious sensation of being lost returned to her. She just dimly remembered reaching the ranch and being taken into a huge house and a huge, dimly lighted room. And it seemed to her that she had gone to sleep at once, and had awakened without remembering how she had gotten to bed.

With a knock on the door and a cheerful greeting, Florence entered, carrying steaming hot water.

"Good mawlin', Miss Hammond. Hope you slept well. You sure were tired last night. I imagine you'll find this old ranch-house as cold as a barn. It'll warm up directly. Alf's gone with the boys and Bill. We're to ride down on the range after a while when your baggage comes. Breakfast will be ready soon, and after that we'll look about the place."

Madeline was charmed with the old Spanish house, and the more she saw of it the more she thought what a delightful home it could be made. All the doors opened into a courtyard, or patio, as Florence called it. The house was low, in the shape of a rectangle, and so immense in size that Madeline wondered if it had been a Spanish barracks. Florence led the way out on a porch and waved a hand at a vast, colored void. "That's what Bill likes," she said.

At first Madeline could not tell what was sky and what was land. The immensity of the scene stunned her faculties of conception. She sat down in one of the old rocking-chairs and looked and looked, and knew that she was not grasping the reality of what stretched wondrously before her.

"We're up at the edge of the foothills," Florence said. "I'll sure take you a little while to get used to being up high and seeing so much. That's the secret—we're up high, the air is clear, and there's the whole bare world beneath us. Here—see that cloud of dust down in the valley? It's the round-up. The boys are there, and the cattle. Wait, I'll get the glasses."

"The round-up! I want to know all about it—to see it," declared Madeline.

"Please tell me what it means, what it's for, and then take me down there."

"I'll sure open your eyes, Miss Hammond. I'm glad you care to know. Your brother would have made a big success in this cattle business if it hadn't been for prodded work by rival ranchers. He'll make it yet, in spite of them."

"Indeed he shall," replied Madeline. "But tell me, please, all about the round-up."

"Well, in the first place, every cattleman has to have a brand to identify his stock. Without it no cattleman, nor half a hundred cowboys, if he had so many, could ever recognize all the cattle in a big herd. There are no fences on our ranges. They are all open to everybody. Every year we have two big round-ups, but the boys do some branding all the year. A calf should be branded as soon as it's found. This is a safeguard against cattle-thieves. We don't have the rustling of herds and bunches of cattle like we used to."

"We have our big round-up in the fall, when there's plenty of grass and water, and all the riding-stock as well as the cattle are in fine shape. The cattleman in the valley meet with their cowboys and drive in all the cattle they can find. Then they brand and cut out each man's herd and drive it toward home. Then they go on up or down the valley, make another camp, and drive in more cattle. It takes weeks."

For Madeline the morning hours flew by, with a goodly part of the time spent on the porch gazing out over that ever-changing vista. At noon a teamster drove up with her trunks. Then while Florence helped the Mexican woman get lunch Madeline unpacked part of her effects and got out things for which she would have immediate need. After lunch she changed her dress for a riding-habit and, going outside, found Florence waiting with the horses.

As Madeline rode along she made good use of her eyes. The soil was sandy and porous, and she understood why the rain and water from the few springs disappeared so quickly. What surprised her was the fact that, though she and Florence had seemed to be riding quite awhile, they had apparently not drawn any closer to the round-up. The slope of the valley was noticeable after some miles had been traversed.

Gradually black dots enlarged and assumed shape of cattle and horses moving round a great dusty patch. In another half-hour Madeline rode behind Florence to the outskirts of the



Gradually Black Dots Enlarged and Assumed Shape of Cattle and Horses Moving Around a Great Dusty Patch.

scene of action. A roar of tramping hoofs filled her ears. The lines of maddening cattle had merged into a great, moving herd half obscured by dust.

The bawling and bellowing, the crackling of horns and pounding of hoofs, the dusty whirl of cattle, and the flying cowboys disconcerted Madeline and frightened her a little.

"Look, Miss Hammond, there's Don Carlos!" said Florence. "Look at that black horse!"

Madeline saw a dark-faced Mexican riding by. He was too far away for her to distinguish his features, but he reminded her of an Italian brigand. He bestrode a magnificent horse.

Stillwell rode up to the girls then and greeted them in his big voice.

"Right in the thick of it, hey? Wal, that's sure fine. I'm glad to see, Miss Majesty, that you ain't afraid of a little dust or smell of burnin' hide an' hair."

Madeline's brother joined the group, evidently in search of Stillwell. "Bill, Nels just rode in," he said.

"Good! Any news of Danny Mains?"

"No, Nels said he lost the trail when he got on hard ground."

"Wal, wal. Say, Al, your sister is sure takin' to the round-up. An' the boys are gettin' wise. See that sun-of-a-gun Ambrose cuttin' capers all around. He'll sure do his prettiest. Ambrose is a ladies' man, he thinks."

The two men and Florence joined in a little pleasant teasing of Madeline, and drew her attention to what appeared to be really unnecessary feats of horsemanship all made in her vicinity. The cowboys evaded their interest in covert glances while recollecting a lasso or while passing to and fro. It was all too serious for Madeline to be amused at that moment. She did not care to talk. She sat her horse and watched.

CHAPTER VI

A Gift and a Purchase.

For a week the scene of the round-up lay within riding-distance of the ranch-house, and Madeline passed most of this time in the saddle, watching the strenuous labors of the vaqueros and cowboys. She overestimated her strength, and more than once had to be lifted from her horse. Stillwell's pleasure in her attendance gave place to concern. He tried to persuade her to stay away from the round-up, and Florence grew even more solicitous.

Madeline, however, was not moved by their entreaties. She grasped only dimly the truth of what it was she was learning—something infinitely more than the rounding up of cattle by cowboys, and she was loath to lose an hour of her opportunity.

Before the week was out, however, Alfred found occasion to tell her that it would be wiser for her to let the round-up go without grading it further with her presence. He said it laughingly; nevertheless, he was serious. And when Madeline turned to him in surprise he said, bluntly:

"I don't like the way Don Carlos follows you around. Bill's afraid that Nels or Ambrose or one of the cowboys will take a fall out of the Mexican. They're itching for the chance. Of course, dear, it's absurd to you, but it's true."

Absurd it certainly was, yet it served to show Madeline how intensely occupied she had been with her own feelings, roused by the tumult and toil of the round-up. She recalled that Don Carlos had been presented to her, and that she had not liked his dark, striking face with its bold, prominent, glittering eyes and sinister lines; and she had not liked his suave, sweet, insinuating voice or his subtle manner, with its slow bows and gestures.

"Don Carlos has been after Florence for a long time," said Alfred. "He's not a young man by any means. He's fifty, Bill says; but you can seldom tell a Mexican's age from his looks. Don Carlos is well educated and a man we know very little about. Mexicans of his stamp don't regard women as we white men do. Now, my dear, beautiful sister from New York, I haven't much use for Don Carlos; but I don't want Nels or Ambrose to make a wild throw with a rope and pull the Don off his horse. So you had better ride up to the house and stay there."

"Alfred, you are joking, teasing me," said Madeline.

"Indeed not," replied Alfred. "How about it, Flo?"

Florence replied that the cowboys would upon the slightest provocation treat Don Carlos with less ceremony and gentleness than a roped steer. Old Bill Stillwell came up to be importuned by Alfred regarding the conduct of cowboys on occasion, and he not only corroborated the assertion, but added emphasis and evidence of his own.

"An', Miss Majesty," he concluded, "I reckon if Gene Stewart was ridin' fer me, that grinnin' Greaser would hev had a bump in the dust before now."

Madeline had been wavering between sobriety and laughter until Stillwell's mention of his ideal of cowboy chivalry decided in favor of the laughter. "I am not convinced, but I surrender," she said. "You have only some occult motive for driving me away. I am sure that handsome Don Carlos is being unjustly suspected. But as I have seen a little of cowboys' singular imagination and gallantry, I am rather inclined to fear their possibilities. So good-by."

Then she rode with Florence up the long, gray slope to the ranch-house. That night she suffered from excessive weariness, which she attributed more to the strange working of her mind than to riding and sitting her horse. Morning, however, found her in no disposition to rest. It was not activity that she craved, or excitement, or pleasure. An unerring instinct, rising clear from the thronging sensations of the last few days, told her that she had missed something in life. Whatever this something was, she had had intimations of it, hopes that faded on the verge of realizations, haunting promises that were unfulfilled. Whatever it was, it had remained hidden and unknown at home, and here in the

West it began to allure and drive her to discovery. Therefore she could not rest; she wanted to go and see; she was no longer chasing phantoms; it was a hunt for treasure that held aloof, as intangible as the substance of dreams.

Upon the morning after the end of the round-up, when she went out on the porch, her brother and Stillwell appeared to be arguing about the identity of a horse.

"Wal, I reckon it's my old roan," said Stillwell, shading his eyes with his hand.

"Bill, if that isn't Stewart's horse my eyes are going back on me," replied Al. "It's not the color or shape—the distance is too far to judge by that. It's the motion—the swing."

"Al, maybe you're right. But they ain't no rider up on that hoss. Flo, fetch my glass."

Florence went into the house, while Madeline tried to discover the object of attention. Presently far up the gray hollow along a foothill she saw dust, and then the dark, moving figure of a horse. She was watching when Florence returned with the glass. Bill took a long look, adjusted the glasses carefully, and tried again.

"Wal, I hate to admit my eyes are gettin' pore. But I guess I'll hev to. That's Gene Stewart's horse, saddle, an' comin' at a fast clip without a rider. It's anazin' strange, an' some in keepin' with other things concernin' Gene."

"Give me the glass," said Al. "Yea, I was right. Bill, the horse is not frightened. He's coming steadily; he's got something on his mind."

The wide hollow sloping up into the foothills lay open to unobstructed view, and less than half a mile distant Madeline saw the riderless horse coming along the white trail at a rapid canter. A shrill, piercing whistle pealed in.

"Wal, he's seen us, that's sure," said Bill.

The horse neared the corral, disappeared into a lane, and then, breaking his gait again, thundered into the enclosure and pounded to a halt some twenty yards from where Stillwell waited for him.

One look at him at close range in the clear light of day was enough for Madeline to award him a blue ribbon over all horses, even the prize-winner, White Stockings. The cowboy's great steed was no lithe, slender-bodied creature. He was a charger, almost tremendous of build, with a black coat faintly mottled in gray, and it shone like polished glass in the sun. Evidently he had been carefully dressed down for this occasion, for there was no dust on him, nor a kink in his beautiful mane, nor a mark on his glossy hide.

"Come hyar, you son-of-a-gun," said Stillwell.

The horse dropped his head, snorted, and came obediently up. He was neither shy nor wild. Unhooking the stirrups from the pommel, Stillwell let them fall and began to search the saddle for something which he evidently expected to find. Presently from some where among the trappings he produced a folded bit of paper, and after scrutinizing it handed it to Al.

"Addressed to you; an' I'll bet you two bits I know what's in it," he said. Alfred unfolded the letter, read it, and then looked at Stillwell.

"Bill, you're a pretty good guesser. Gene's made for the border. He sent the horse by somebody, no names mentioned, and wants my sister to have him if she will accept."

"Any mention of Danny Mains?" asked the rancher.

"Not a word."

"That's bad. Gene'd know about Danny if anybody did. But he's a close-mouthed cuss. So he's sure bittin' for Mexico. Wonder if Danny's got, too? Wal, there's two of the best cowmen I ever seen, gone to—h—, an' I'm sorry."

With that he bowed his head and, grumbling to himself, went into the house. Alfred lifted the reins over the head of the horse and, leading him to Madeline, slipped the knot over her arm and placed the letter in her hand.

"Majesty, I'd accept the horse," he said. "Stewart is only a cowboy now, and as tough as any I've known. But he comes of a good family. He was a college man and a gentleman once. He went to the bad out here, like so many fellows go, but I nearly did. Then he had told me about his sister and mother. He cared a good deal for them. I think he has been a source of unhappiness to them. It was mostly when he was reminded of this in some way that he'd get drunk. I have always stuck to him, and I would do so yet if I had a chance. You read the letter, sister, and accept the horse."

In silence Madeline bent her gaze from her brother's face to the letter: "Friend Al: I'm sending my horse down to you because I'm going away and haven't the nerve to take him where he'd get hurt or fall into strange hands. "If you think it's all right, why, give him to your sister with my respects. But if you don't like the idea, Al, or if she won't have him, then he's for you. I'm hoping your sister will take him. She'll be good to him, and she can afford to take care of him. And, while I'm waiting to be plugged by a Greaser bullet, if I happen to have a picture in mind of how she'll look upon my horse, why, man, it's not going to make any difference to you. She needn't ever know it. "Between you and me, Al, don't let her or Flo ride alone over Don Carlos' way. If I had time I could tell you something about that sick Greaser. And tell your sister, if there's ever any reason for her to run away from anybody when she's up on that roan, just let her lean over and yell in his ear. She'll find herself riding the wind. So long."

"GENE STEWART."

Madeline thoughtfully folded the letter and murmured, "How he must love his horse!"

"Well, I should say so," replied Alfred. "Flo will tell you. She's the only person Gene ever let ride that horse. Well, sister mine, how about it—will you accept the horse?"

"Assuredly. And very happy indeed am I to get him. Al, you said, I think, that Mr. Stewart named him after me—saw my nickname in the New York paper?"

"Yea."

"Well, I will not change his name. But, Al, how shall I ever climb up on him? He's taller than I am. What a giant of a horse! Oh, look at him—he's using my hand. I really believe he understood what I said. Al, did you ever see such a splendid head and such beautiful eyes? They are so large and dark and soft—and human. Oh, I am a little woman, for I am forgetting White Stockings."

"I'll gamble he'll make you forget any other horse," said Alfred. "You'll have to get on him from the porch."

Madeline led the horse to and fro, and was delighted with his gentleness. She discovered that he did not need to be led. He came at her call, followed her like a pet dog, rubbed his black muzzle against her. Sometimes, at the turns in their walk, he lifted his head and with ears forward looked up the trail by which he had come, and beyond the foothills. He was looking over the range. Someone was calling to him, perhaps, from beyond the mountains. Madeline liked him the better for that memory, and pitied the wayward cowboy who had parted with his only possession for very love of it.

At supper-time Madeline was unusually thoughtful. Later, when they assembled on the porch to watch the sunset, Stillwell's humorous complaints inspired the inception of an idea which flashed up in her mind swift as lightning. And then by its inspiring sympathetically she encouraged him to recite the troubles of a poor cattleman. They were many and long and interesting, and rather numbing to the life of her inspired idea.

"Mr. Stillwell, could ranching here on a large scale, with up-to-date methods, be made—well, not profitable, exactly, but to pay—to run without loss?" she asked, determined to kill her new-born idea at birth or else give it breath and hope of life.

"Wal, I reckon it could," he replied, with a short laugh. "I'd sure be a money-maker. Why, with all my bad luck an' poor equipment I've lived pretty well an' paid my debts an' haven't lost any money except the original outlay. I reckon that's sunk fer good."

"Would you sell—if someone would pay your price?"

"Miss Majesty, I'd jump at the chance. Yet somehow I'd hate to leave hyar. I'd jest be fool enough to go sink the money in another ranch."

"Would Don Carlos and these other Mexicans sell?"

"They sure would. The Don has been after me fer years, wantin' to sell that old rancho of his; an' these herders in the valley with their stray cattle, they'd fall dadd at sight of a little money."

"Please tell me, Mr. Stillwell, exactly what you would do here if you had unlimited means?" went on Madeline.

"Good Lud! I'd ejaculated the rancher. "Wal, Miss Majesty, it jest makes my old heart warm up to think of such a thing. I dreamed a lot when I first come hyar. What would I do if I had unlimited money? Listen. I'd buy out Don Carlos an' the Greasers. I'd give a job to every good cowman in this country. I'd make them prosper as I prospered myself. I'd buy all the good horses on the ranges. I'd fence twenty thousand acres of the best grazin'. I'd drill fer water in the valley. I'd pipe water down from the mountains. I'd dam up that draw out there. A mile-long dam from hill to hill would give me a big lake, an' leavin' an eye fer beauty. I'd plant cottonwoods around it. I'd fill that lake full of fish. I'd put in the biggest field of alfalfa in the Southwest. I'd plant fruit-trees an' garden. I'd tear down old corrals an' barns an' bunk-houses to build new ones. I'd make this old rancho some comfortable an' fine. I'd put in grass an' flowers around an' bring young pine trees down from the mountains. An' when all that was done I'd sit in my chair an' smoke an' watch the cattle stridin' in fer water an' stragglin' back into the valley. An' the red sun out there wouldn't set on a happier man in the world than Bill Stillwell, last of the old cattlemen."

Madeline thanked the rancher, and then rather sheepishly retired to her room, where she felt no restraint to hide the force of that wonderful story, now full grown and tenacious and alluring.

Upon the next day, late in the afternoon, she asked Alfred if it would be safe for her to ride out to the ranch.

"I'll go with you," he said gayly.

"I want to go alone," she replied.

"An'", Alfred exclaimed, suddenly.



"How He Must Love His Horse!"

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LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS

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careless. He gave her just a quick glance, then turned away. "Go ahead, I think it's safe. I'll make it safe by sitting here with my glass and keeping an eye on you. Be careful coming down the trail. Let the horse pick his way. That's all."

She rode majestically across the wide flat, up the zigzag trail, across the



She Rode Majestically Across the Wide Flat, Up the Zigzag Trail, Across the Beautiful Grassy Level to the Far Rim of the Mesa—

beautiful grassy level to the far rim of the mesa, and not till then did she lift her eyes to face the southwest. In that darkening desert there was something blindingly beautiful; she felt a mighty hold upon her heart. Out of the endless space, out of silence and desolation and mystery and age, came slow-changing colored shadows, phantoms of peace, and they whispered to Madeline. They whispered that it was a great, grim, hamtable earth; that time was eternity; that life was fleeting. They whispered for her to be a woman; to love someone before it was too late; to love anyone, everyone; to realize the need of work, and thus find happiness.

She rode back across the mesa and down the trail, and, once more upon the flat, she called to the horse and made him run. His spirit seemed to race with hers. The wind of his speed blew her hair from its fastenings. When he thundered to a halt at the porch steps Madeline, breathless and disheveled, alighted with the mass of her hair tumbling around her.

Alfred met her, and his exclamation, and Florence's rapt eyes shining on her face, and Stillwell's speechlessness made her self-conscious. Laughing, she tried to put up the mass of hair.

"My hat—and my combs—went to the wind, I thought—my hair would go, too. . . . There is the evening star. . . . I think I am very hungry."

And then she gave up trying to fasten up her hair, which fell again in a golden mass.

"Mr. Stillwell," she began, and paused, strangely aware of a hurried note, a deeper ring in her voice. "Mr. Stillwell, I want to buy your ranch—to engage you as my superintendent. I want to buy Don Carlos' ranch and other property to the extent, say, of fifty thousand acres. I want you to buy horses and cattle—in short, to make all those improvements which you said you had so long dreamed of. Then I have ideas of my own, in the development of which I must have your advice and Alfred's. I intend to better the condition of those poor Mexicans in the valley. I intend to make life a little more worth living for them and for the cowboys of this range. Tomorrow we shall talk it all over, plan all the business details."

Madeline turned from the huge, ever-widening smile that beamed down upon her and held out her hands to her brother.

"Alfred, strange, is it not, my coming out to you? No, don't smile. I hope I have found myself—my work, my happiness—here under the light of that western star."

CHAPTER VII

Her Majesty's Ranch.

Five months brought all that Stillwell had dreamed of, and so many more changes and improvements and innovations that it was as if a magic touch had transformed the old ranch. Madeline and Alfred and Florence had talked over a fitting name, and had decided on one chosen by Madeline. But this instance was the only one in the course of developments in which Madeline's wishes were not complied with. The cowboys named the new ranch "Her Majesty's Ranch."

Stillwell said the names cowboys bestowed were felicitous, and as unchangeable as the everlasting hills; Florence went over to the enemy; and Alfred, laughing at Madeline's protest, declared the cowboys had elected her queen of the ranges, and that there was no help for it. So the name stood "Her Majesty's Ranch."

All that had been left of the old Spanish house which had been Stillwell's home for so long was the bare, massive structure, and some of this had been cut away for new doors and windows. Every modern convenience, even to hot and cold running water

and acetylene light, had been installed; and the whole interior painted and carpeted and furnished. The ideal sought had not been luxury, but comfort. Every door into the patio looked out upon dark, rich grass and sweet-scented flowers, and every window looked down the green slopes.

Madeline Hammond cherished a fancy that the transformation she had wrought in the old Spanish house and in the people with whom she had surrounded herself, great as that transformation had been, was as nothing compared to the one wrought in herself. She had found an object in life. She had seen her brother through his difficulties, on the road to all the success and prosperity that he cared for. Madeline had been a conscientious student of ranching and an apt pupil of Stillwell. The old gentleman, in his simplicity, gave her the place in his heart that was meant for the daughter he had never had. His pride in her, Madeline thought, was beyond reason or belief or words to tell. Under his guidance, sometimes accompanied by Alfred and Florence, Madeline had ridden the ranges and had studied the life and work of the cowboys. Sometimes she looked in her mirror and laughed with sheer joy at sight of the lithe, audacious, brown-faced, flashing-eyed creature reflected there. It was not so much joy in her beauty as sheer joy of life. Eastern critics had been wont to call her beautiful in those days when she had been pale and slender and proud and cold. She laughed. If they could only see her now! From the tip of her golden head to her feet she was alive, pulsating, on fire.

Sometimes she thought of her parents, sister, friends, of how they had persistently refused to believe she could or would stay in the West. They were always asking her to come home. She wrote that "she would return to her old home some time, of course, for a visit; and letters such as this brought returns that amused Madeline, sometimes saddened her. Her father's business had been such that he could not leave it for the time required for a western trip, or else, according to his letter, he would have come for her. Mrs. Hammond could not have been driven to cross the Hudson river; her un-American idea of the wilderness westward was that Indiana still chased buffalo on the outskirts of Chicago. Madeline's sister Helen had long been eager to come, as much from curiosity, Madeline thought, as from sisterly regard. And at length Madeline concluded that the proof of her breaking permanent ties might better be seen by visiting relatives and friends before she went back East. With that in mind she invited Helen to visit her during the summer, and bring as many friends as she liked.

No slight task indeed was it to oversee the many business details of Her Majesty's Ranch and to keep a record of them. Madeline found the course of business training upon which her father had insisted to be invaluable to her now. It helped her to assimilate and arrange the practical details of cattle-raising as put forth by the blunt Stillwell. She established an extensive vegetable farm, and she planted orchards. The climate was superior to that of California, and, with abundant water, trees and plants and gardens flourished and bloomed in a way wonderful to behold. Here in the farming section of the ranch Madeline found employment for the little colony of Mexicans. Their lives had been as hard and barren as the dry valley where they had lived. But as the valley had been transformed by the soft, rich touch of water, so their lives had been transformed by help and sympathy and work. The children were wretched no more, and many that had been blind could now see, and Madeline had become to them a new and blessed Virgin.

Madeline looked abroad over these lands and likened the change in them and those who lived by them to the change in her heart. It may have been fancy, but the sun seemed to be brighter, the sky bluer, the wind sweeter. Certain it was that the deep green of grass and garden was not fancy, nor the white and pink of blossoms, nor the blaze and perfume of flowers, nor the sheen of lake and the fluttering of new-born leaves. Where there had been monotonous gray there was now vivid and changing color. Formerly there had been silence both day and night; now during the sunny hours there was music. The whistle of prancing stallions pealed in from the grassy ridges. Innumerable birds had come and, like the northward-journeying ducks, they had learned to stay. The song of meadow-lark and blackbird and robin, familiar to Madeline from childhood, mingled with the new and strange heart-throbbing song of the mockingbird and the piercing blast of the desert eagle and the melancholy moan of the turtle-dove.

(To be continued)

My sister and I were taking a first journey away from the old home to college. We had a short wait in a large city and went into a hotel, where the solicitous clerk insisted upon our resting in a fine sitting room with two bedrooms adjoining. After an hour or so we started out.

As a passing thought I asked the man at the desk if there were any coats.

To my utter amazement and horror he replied, "Eight dollars."—Chicago Tribune.

The Reason.

"I simply cannot stand the sound of a motor horn," said Stillwell. "Why not?" asked an acquaintance. "Some time ago my chauffeur stole my car and eloped with my wife, and every time I hear a horn I think he is bringing her back."

He Holy-Stoned It Also.

"Filed your income tax statement?" "Yes, I not only filed it but I used a grand store on it and then couldn't get it down to a decent looking figure."

LAND OF CRUELTY

Incident Typical of Life in the Dark Continent.

Zebra's Action in Protecting Body of Mate Slain by Man, Beautiful Protest Against Death.

The sun was exactly overhead, beating down upon the parched African landscape.

I was riding with a friend over the plain of Lo-Dureto, which lies under the Eburu mountains.

A hundred yards away two zebras, a male and a female, were feeding. With their thick necks and striped flanks they looked typical productions of Africa, obstinate and fanatical.

"Look at those two d—d zebras," I said to my friend. "I bet you a rupee I send a bullet into one of them."

I got off my pony and, raising my rifle, took steady aim. A moment later and the mare was down and kicking about in the dust and dry grass. At the sound of the report the stallion had stopped short in his gambols and galloped away; but he did not go far. He stood still and turned to look at us; and, as I remounted and we rode away I saw him trotting slowly back to his mate, who was now lying quite still on her side.

"You made pretty good practice," said my friend.

"Yes, it was not bad shooting," I answered.

We continued on our way together, but for some reason or another I felt over-sensitive that day and was troubled by what had happened. It seemed to me it was quite unpardonable to have taken the life of that zebra so carelessly, for no reason at all. Far up in the zenith the equatorial sun blazed down upon us. I knew that in the light of that heartless Gorgon's eye of Africa it was no belittling thing I had done. I knew that he was far too used to African ways and the cruelty of tooth and claw.

The next day I rode to the Nagum valley and spent many hours dosing 2,000 hoggets with bluestone and mustard. The incident of the day before had completely gone out of my mind and even I had forgotten the occasion hardly offered much opportunity for sentiment over a shot zebra, with so many sheep waiting for their medicine in the heat and dust of the home. I do not think until I was too tired to speak, pushing the narrow neck of the Worcestershire sauce bottle into the sides of their mouths and holding it there, while they swallowed the proper quantity of liquid.

When at last I had finished I mounted my pony and began riding home. For no special reason I selected to return by way of the Lo-Dureto plain; I fancied perhaps that it was shorter. I was tired and my pony was tired, oppressed by the late heat of the African afternoon.

In a half-dazed condition I noticed subconsciously that there were a number of vultures circling about in the sky in front of me. "What is disturbing them?" I wondered. At that moment my mind received a strange jolt and I was wide awake. The vultures were circling over the zebra I had shot the day before; but they had not so much as plucked out her eyes, because the stallion was still there at her side trotting to and fro and furiously driving away any bird that settled on the ground near his dead mate. And as I sat on my pony watching the scene, I knew that this untamed fantastical animal, restlessly running to and fro, in the vivid sunshine of that tropical noon, had thrown out a challenge against the material universe, more desperate, more beautiful, and more convincing than any I had ever heard from pulpit or platform. — From "Ebony and Ivory," by Hlewelyn Powys. (American Library Service.)

To the Contrary.

One evening, while waiting for my fiancé to take me out to dinner, some friends called. We began to discuss critics of clothes, and I said I never would marry anyone who was inclined that way; that my fiancé never criticized my clothes.

I always made my own hats, so had several to choose from. I was adorned in one of my own creations when the bell rang. I rushed to the door, all smiles. Romeo stepped in, took one look at me and, not seeing my guests, exclaimed: "I'll certainly be glad when I can buy your hats. That is the third one I have seen you wear in the last few weeks and each one homelier than the other. If such a thing is possible."

That certainly was my most embarrassing moment.—Chicago Tribune.

Ship Aided in Emergency.

A ship 3,000 miles at sea recently sent a radio to its home station asking for advice as to how to operate its engines under emergency conditions that existed. The necessary information was promptly given and a serious situation avoided.

Australian City Growing.

The first city on the southern continent to pass the 1,000,000 mark in population is Sydney, which, in an unofficial census conducted in December, showed a total of 1,050,000 persons in the greater metropolis.

Find Loop Aerials Best.

At the beach station, San Francisco, better reception is being obtained over loop aerials than has been possible heretofore when antennae were used.

Knew That Much, at Least.

"Do Frenchmen know our slang?" asked Mr. Barber. "Some do, I suppose," answered his friend. "Well, my daughter is to be married next month in Paris," explained the father, "and my future son-in-law, the groom, has cabled me to come across."

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

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Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

TWIN ROADS INTO A CRATER

One of the World's Most Interesting Highways Leads to Long Extinct Mexican Volcano.

Of the many spiral roads built for ascending steep mountain summits one of the most interesting is that which has recently been completed to the crater of the extinct volcano Macocatepec in the vicinity of Jalapa, a city of the state of Vera Cruz, Mexico, seventy miles by rail from the port of Vera Cruz. Jalapa is picturesquely situated on the slope of the Sierra which separates the central plateau of Mexico from the Gulf coast, at an elevation of 4,300 feet. To the south of it the peak of Cerro de Perote rises to a height of 13,418 feet and still farther south that of Orizaba, 15,700 feet, the highest peak in Mexico and the second highest in North America.

The new road starts at a point on the national highway to Mexico City that is about a mile and a quarter from the center of Jalapa. For a distance of about half a mile to a gate at the entrance of the hill the road is on private property, and here it is about 13 feet wide with a 6 per cent grade. From the hill entrance to its summit the road is 11½ feet wide with a maximum grade of 4 per cent, excepting in a few spots where an increased grade of 6 per cent was necessary. This part of the road is all on sidewalk cuts, excepting a short stretch of about 328 feet at the end of the first complete circuit of the hill, where it was possible to build the road on the surface without any cutting.

For reasons of safety it was decided to make two one-way roads, one for ascending and the other for descending.

The descending road starts with a grade of 8 per cent and nearly parallels the last part of the ascending road until it strikes the crater, the edge of which it follows until it reaches the point where the ascending road enters the crater, the whole being a distance of 1,450 feet, the last 280 of which is in the crater with a 10 per cent grade.

Ghost of the Sea.

Few stranger stories have been brought up from the sea than that of the silent story of H. M. S. Ariadne, told by the diver who has been working on the wreck of the cruiser sunk by a German submarine five miles off Eastbourne in 1917.

According to the diver, Dan Homel of Glasgow, he saw a marine supported by a portion of the ship standing as though on duty, his rifle with bayonet fixed grasped in his hand. He seemed as though he had been in the same position in the dim shadows of the wreck for five years, standing sentry over the dead, for 34 men are believed to have gone down with the ship.

The diver told the story when he came up from the wreck after being imprisoned there for an hour. He got into an awkward corner and narrowly escaped with his life. He was in a condition of much stress at the time after his experience.

All the Rest of It.

Junior was alone in the house for a few minutes the other morning while his mother ran to a neighbor's. Meanwhile an agent rang the bell and asked to see mother.

"She isn't here," replied Junior. The agent, thinking Junior too tiny to be alone, insisted. "Well, who else is here?"

Junior pulled himself up to his tip-toe height and replied: "I'm all the else there is."

Quick Drug Service.

A Rayonne (N. J.) woman, suffering from influenza, recently had her physician's prescription filled within ten minutes, because radio was at hand. Her son has a transmission set and a drugist has one. It was easy for the amateurs to communicate and get the service desired.

One Night Enough.

We were moving to another town, and had shipped our household goods several days previous to our going, yet they had not been received when we arrived. However, our new neighbor came to our rescue and invited us to bring our small son, Richard, and feel at home at her place.

The next morning our hostess asked, "How did you rest?" Richard replied, "My daddy said he hoped that was our last night in that bed."—Exchange.

Two Points of View.

My most embarrassing moment happened when I was eighteen years old. I was just a poor working girl in a factory. I was going with a young man who was quite well off. He took me to visit his rich aunt one Sunday. She talked about my work and asked me what I made.

I answered, "\$15 per week." Imagine my embarrassment when she said, "Oh, no, I mean what do you manufacture?"—Chicago Tribune.

Odd Experience.

Several years ago I received a message by phone, supposedly from my father-in-law in a near city, stating that Harry had been killed. As my husband had a dear cousin named Harry I supposed it was he. I also had a brother named Harry in the same city, and imagine what a sad experience it was for me when I boarded the train to go to the cousin's funeral and met my sister on her way to attend our brother's funeral.—Exchange.

Irreverent Bolsheviks.

A mock trial took place at the Garrison club, Moscow, on January 27, in which God figured as the accused, according to dispatches from that city. Five thousand Red army officers and soldiers witnessed the trial, Leon Trotsky and Secretary Janakishvsky participating. Evidence was presented for and against God, as a counter-revolutionary power, and speeches delivered by the "defense" and the "prosecution." At the end of the proceedings a verdict of "guilty" was pronounced.

Insects as Radio Models.

Solomon advised the sluggard to "consider the ant," but the modern radio fan is advised to consider the gall midge and other forms of insect life by E. Porter Felt, New York state entomologist, who lectured recently on marked resemblance between the antennae, or "feelers," of some insects and the radio receiving sets. He said he had made a successful set patterned after the antennae of the gall midge, a minute fly.

Stubbornness.

"Hit ain't no cinch 't stah't a balky mawt," said Charcoal Eph, in a pessimistic mood, "hot dat ain't nothin' tall, suh, 't changin' de mind of a woman who done got herself sot."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A Guide Book?

"If you were on a desert island what book would you prefer to read?" queries a paragon. "We'd say the book that would help us quickest to get off."—London Evening Journal.

Feminine Mystery 9999.

Another of the feminine mysteries is the way a girl can edge over nearer to the person she's talking to on the sofa without the slightest perceptible motion.—Ohio State Journal.

Emerson Set Example.

Emerson was the first man in this country, or in any other, so far as I know, who made a religion of walking—the first to announce a Gospel of the Walk.—John Burroughs.

First Religious Newspaper.

The first religious newspaper ever issued was the Herald of the Gospel Liberty, which was published by J. H. Smith of Portsmouth, N. H., in 1810.—Indianapolis News.

Special Bargains

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 50 per cent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

OLD TAVERNS IN NEW FORM

"Rodones" on the Pacific Coast Have Proved Popular With the Increasing Tourist Community.

On the Pacific coast they are supplementing the parking reservations or camps for motor tourists with caravansaries or tourist hotels which they call "rodones." Though why the perfectly serviceable English "road homes" should not be used, no one offers to explain.

The institution itself, however, concerns us most, and is a natural development of the vast overland touring movement that manifests itself every summer in the United States. The new kind of outing is growing enormously popular, and as the quality of the turnpikes improve, will become far more so.

The Far West "rodones" of the larger size will each accommodate about 400 guests, and 90 automobiles, while the smaller ones will house 200 guests and 45 cars. These wayside inns will be of one-story bungalow court construction, concrete and brick, with tiled roofs, and will exhibit picturesque exterior in keeping with the awakened taste for the artistic in this country.

All the apartments are to have kitchenettes, tourists expected to furnish their own food supplies. Camp grounds are not to be abolished, but the new structures are at hand to furnish shelter in bad weather, and to meet the desires of those who don't care for roughing it.

In a new form the ancient roadside tavern is thus to be restored, to figure in literature and romance perhaps as greatly as the taverns of the ancient times.

OF GREAT HISTORIC INTEREST

Old Papers Recently Found in Attorney General Daugherty's Office Date From Birth of Nation.

Attorney General Daugherty recently unearthed from old files in his office a variety of old papers dating back to George Washington's time. There were documents written by such famous attorneys general as Edmund Randolph, appointed in 1789, and the first man to hold the office, William Wirt, John M. Berrien and Caleb Cushing.

The document of greatest human interest is what is now regarded as the last official letter of President Lincoln. It was written by Attorney General Speed on the day the evening of which saw the assassination at Ford's theater. It appears that Lincoln frequently scrawled a few words to the attorney general across the backs of papers sent him for comment and direction.

Another paper shows that Walt Whitman, the poet, was on the payroll of the attorney general's office as a clerk about the time of the Civil war. He drew less than \$100 a month to salary.

These documents will all be preserved with especial care and added to the collection of other interesting historical papers in the possession of the government.

Treasure Story.

There was a legend in the Saunders family that an aged slave had hid a chest of money and silver before the Union forces invaded the Saunders community in Alabama during the Civil war, and that this faithful retainer died of apoplexy before he could get back to his master. Searches made at intervals for years brought no trace of the fortune, Capper's Weekly says. Finally the present generation of the family dismissed it as "an old mammy's tale." Last week a dog digging for a gopher uncovered a treasure chest filled with gold and silver coins and the Saunders family plate. The old mammy's tale was true after all. We live in a skeptical age.

Fire's Result of Carelessness.

Fire control on national forests becomes every year more effective through various forms of co-operation, says the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture. Man-caused fires are still the great hazard and the great problem. The only way, he says, to reduce these fires is to impress the habit of care with fire on the minds of users and visitors on national forests. In 1921 the total number of man-caused fires was 4,400; yet there is no more reason for the usual man-caused fire on the national forests than there is for the usual grade-crossing accident.

Little Gertrude's Wish.

Mother has a coffee heart, father a tobacco heart, and little Gertrude Guernsey is trusting, if she eats plenty of candy, that she'll have a sweetheart.—Exchange.

Well Rewarded.

The pleasure a man of honor enjoys in the consciousness of having performed his duty is a reward he pays himself for all his pains.—La Bruyere.

Real Secret of Success.

The secret of success lies in knowing how to make use of what we have chosen, but of what is forced upon us.—Rev. J. L. Spaulding.

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The Mercury.
Newport, R. I.
PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
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The railroads of the country are looking up. The roads show a gain of nearly seven per cent. for March, 1923, over the same month in last year. The outlook is good for still greater gains in the coming months.

The Providence Journal has at last discovered an ideal strike. It is when the clock strikes and the hands keep at work. Why not apply that to business in general? Let the bosses strike and the men keep right on. The great public would be better satisfied.

The coal miners are now insistent in their demands for a six-hour day in all the mines, and they will "doubtless get it. The next move is for a week of five days. Thirty hours will then constitute a full week's work. It is easy to appreciate what will be the price of coal in the near future.

There is still something over three hundred million of foreign property held in this country by our government, and will continue to be so held until the claims of Americans against foreigners are adjusted. Since the bill was passed by the last Congress some forty millions have been returned.

For ten weeks the Democrats stopped all business of the General Assembly to the great detriment of the state, all because the minority could not control the majority. Because the majority refused to do as the minority wished, no business was allowed to be transacted and all legislation was remanded to innoxious desuetude, to use the pet language of a former President. Such a spectacle was never before witnessed in the Rhode Island Legislature.

It is officially reported by the German authorities that that nation's loss in killed in the Kaiser's war amounted to 1,846,293, and that these left 1,045,000 dependents. Add to this enormous loss by one nation the losses by all other nations, and the number will total over five million men. And then add to that loss the number dependent on those dead, and then we get a slight insight into the terrible cost of the world war.

The opening of a new theatre in Pawtucket Monday night gave the light-fingered men a chance to get in a good evening's work. All Pawtucket apparently turned out to witness the opening performance in the new million dollar edifice, and what could not get inside stood on the street, and here was where the pickpockets got in their work. One man lost \$400, and several others lost smaller sums. The pickpockets all got away with their booty.

It is now claimed that women of England are better politicians than their sisters in America. At the same time they say the American women are better organized. It will not be many years before there are as many women office holders as men in both countries. From present appearances, women are just as desirous of office holding as are their brothers. In fact, for the short time women have had a chance to hold office, they have certainly come to the front at a rapid rate.

Canada is at last waking up to the fact that she has long been giving aid and comfort to U. S. law breakers. That country has from the start of prohibition been one of the chief sources of liquor supply to this country. The Dominion has now signified its intention of putting a stop to it. The flow of "wet goods" over the border is to be dammed up in every way possible. So say the authorities of Canada. If this source is cut off, the bootlegger in Uncle Sam's domain will find much poorer pickings.

What shall be done with the reckless automobilist, is the burning question of the hour. It is estimated that this class killed 14,000 people in this country in 1922. And while automobiles are increasing at a rapid rate, the deaths caused by the careless drivers are increasing much more rapidly. The best authority obtainable shows that automobile fatalities have increased more than one thousand a year for the last five years. It would seem to be about time that the reckless driver was dealt with summarily.

The fool killer would seem to have a little work left for him to do right here in New England. The Connecticut General Assembly having failed in their efforts to punish all criminals who practiced daylight saving time in that state, now propose to pass if they can a law making it a criminal offence to display a clock on daylight time unless he keeps his curtains down for fear someone going along a public street might look in the window and get a glance at it.

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN RHODE ISLAND IN APRIL AND MAY

1643. May 19. Rhode Island denied admission to the New England Confederacy by the other Colonies.
1647. May 19. General Assembly convened at Portsmouth; a code of laws was adopted; the seal of the province was made an anchor.
1642. May 18. Law against human slavery enacted by the General Assembly.
1664. May 4. Block Island admitted as part of the Colony of Rhode Island.
1664. May 5. Seal of the Colony established.
1676. April 20. John Clark died. He was the person who obtained from England the charter of 1663, under which the state was ruled for nearly two centuries.
1689. May 1. Rhode Island resumes her government under the Charter.
1774. May 4. Census ordered by the General Assembly. Total population of Colony, 57,707.
1775. April 22. A thousand Rhode Island men started for the seat of war on the reception of the news of the battle of Lexington. Same day an army of observation of 1500 men voted by the General Assembly.
1775. May 3. Governor Joseph Wanton suspended by act of the General Assembly, on account of Tory proclivities.
1776. May 4. Rhode Island Independence declared. The General Assembly renounced all allegiance to Great Britain.
1780. May 19. "The Dark Day."
1783. April 25. Cessation of hostilities celebrated.
1790. May 29. Federal Constitution adopted by the General Assembly. Rhode Island was the last of the thirteen colonies to adopt the Constitution. The vote was taken in the old North Baptist Church in Newport.
1842. April 18. Thomas W. Dorr elected Governor of Rhode Island under the so-called "People's Constitution."
1861. April 18. Rhode Island sent the first detachment of Volunteers for the War of the Rebellion to the front. Nearly one hundred of the number went from Newport.

THE CAPTURE OF MANILA BAY BY ADMIRAL DEWEY

Twenty-five years ago last Tuesday, May 1, 1898, the famous battle of Manila Bay was fought. The entire Spanish fleet was captured or sunk; the supposed impregnable forts silenced, some 400 Spanish soldiers and sailors killed, the entire Spanish possessions in the Philippine Islands surrendered to the American ships, and immortal fame was won by Admiral, then Captain, Dewey. The entire nation went wild with joy over this remarkable victory of Admiral Dewey which made him the great hero of this Spanish war. No war hero ever received greater ovations than did Dewey on his return to this country. Dewey was well known in Newport, having been stationed here at different times, and this city took especial pride in his great achievements.

Here is a partial list of National roads, some of which when completed will extend from ocean to ocean: The Dixie Highway, The George Washington National Highway, The Lincoln Highway, The Pike's Peak Ocean to Ocean Highway, The Roosevelt National Highway, The Southern National Highway. All of these highways will extend across the continent. In addition, the following highways are of national importance: Bankhead, Dixie Overland, Evergreen National, Jackson, Jefferson, King of Trails, Lakes to Gulf, Meridian, Mississippi Valley, National Old Trails, Old Spanish Trail, Pacific, Pershing Way, Theodore Roosevelt International, and the Yellowstone Trail. On these roads it is estimated that there will be at least one hundred thousand automobiles this summer.

Fifteen cent sugar is said to be a reality at an early date. This increasing the price of so necessary an article of food three fold in a short time is claimed to be due entirely to speculation. The women of New York are organizing a boycott against the manipulators of the price of sugar. "Break the price of sugar" is the slogan of 60,000 New York women who have banded together in a drive of war time against manipulators and gamblers in futures. Here is hoping that they will be successful.

Massachusetts roads appear to have suffered much worse than did the Rhode Island roads during the long hard winter which has just come to an end after nearly six months of severe weather. The Rhode Island roads stood the weather much better than could have been expected. The result is very gratifying to the road builders.

William Jennings Bryan nominates Josephus Daniels for the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Now if Daniels will reciprocate and nominate the "perpetual candidate" in the person of William Jennings, the merry fight can go on. It would be a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other.

RHODE ISLAND'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Passed May 4, 1776
An act repealing an act, entitled "An act for the more effectually securing to His Majesty the allegiance of his subjects in this, his Colony and dominion of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations." And altering the forms of Commissions, of all writs and processes in the Courts, and of the oaths prescribed by law.
Whereas, in all states, existing by compact, protection and allegiance are reciprocal, the latter being only due in consequence of the former; and
Whereas, George the Third, King of Great Britain, forgetting his dignity, regardless of the compact most solemnly entered into, ratified and confirmed to the inhabitants of this Colony by his illustrious ancestors, and, till of late, fully recognized by him, and entirely departing from the character and duties of a good king, instead of protecting, is endeavoring to destroy the good people of this Colony, and of all the United Colonies, by sending fleets and armies to America to confiscate our property, and spread fire, sword and desolation throughout our country, in order to compel us to submit to the most degrading and detestable tyranny; whereas, we are obliged by necessity, and it becomes our highest duty, to use every means with which God and nature have furnished us, in support of our inalienable rights and privileges, to oppose that power which is exerted only for our destruction.
Be it therefore enacted by this General Assembly, and by the authority thereof it is enacted, that an act, entitled "An act for the more effectually securing to His Majesty the allegiance of his subjects, in this his Colony and dominion of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," be, and the same is hereby repealed.
And be it further enacted by this General Assembly, and by the authority thereof, it is enacted, that in all commissions for offices; Civil and Military, and in all writs and processes in law, whether original, judicial or executive, civil or criminal, wherein the name and authority of the said King is made use of, the same shall be omitted, and in the room thereof, the name and authority of the Governor of this Colony shall be substituted in the following words, to wit: "The Governor and Company of the English Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations."
That all such commissions, writs and processes shall be otherwise of the same form and terms as they heretofore were; that the Courts of Law be no longer entitled nor considered as the King's Courts; and that no instrument in writing, of any nature or kind, whether public or private, shall, in the date thereof, mention the year of said King's reign.
Provided, nevertheless, that nothing in this act contained shall render void or vitiate any commission, writ, process or instrument heretofore made or executed, on account of the name and authority of said King being therein inserted.

The United States Shipping Board owns some 1400 steel ships which cost this government \$3,500,000,000. A few of these ships are now being operated under charter, but nearly 1000 are lying idle at the docks. The Board is losing four million dollars a month in round figures. President Harding announces that if private enterprise will not operate these ships the government will. The deficit for this operation is estimated to be fifty millions annually. Quite a nice little sum for the taxpayers to make up every year. Still there is much local pride in the fact that the United States flag would again be seen on the high seas.

Church statistics, which have been compiled by the Federal Council of Churches, give the Methodists in this country as 23,258,854, Baptists 22,369,098, Catholics 18,101,804, Lutherans 7,043,854, Presbyterians 6,726,698. The greatest increase in membership has been made by the Catholics. They show an increase of 219,158 during the year past, which is largely in excess of any other denomination. There are claimed to be 3,300,000 Jews in this country.

The loss from freshets in northern New England in the early part of the week will amount to over four million dollars. Bridges were carried away, dams destroyed, railroads washed away, towns buried in water, and a general flood everywhere. It is pronounced the most destructive freshet in more than twenty years. Along the Maine and New Hampshire rivers is one complete path of ruin.

Mayor Sullivan has appointed Mrs. George A. Gould a member of the recreation commission in place of Miss Agnes C. Storer, who declined a re-appointment.

Weekly Calendar MAY 1923

STANDARD TIME						
Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Water	Low	Water
rise	set	set	set	rise	set	set
5:30	4:24	4:21	11:11	11:11	11:11	11:11
6:30	5:24	5:21	12:11	12:11	12:11	12:11
7:30	6:24	6:21	1:11	1:11	1:11	1:11
8:30	7:24	7:21	2:11	2:11	2:11	2:11
9:30	8:24	8:21	3:11	3:11	3:11	3:11
10:30	9:24	9:21	4:11	4:11	4:11	4:11
11:30	10:24	10:21	5:11	5:11	5:11	5:11
12:30	11:24	11:21	6:11	6:11	6:11	6:11
1:30	12:24	12:21	7:11	7:11	7:11	7:11
2:30	1:24	1:21	8:11	8:11	8:11	8:11
3:30	2:24	2:21	9:11	9:11	9:11	9:11
4:30	3:24	3:21	10:11	10:11	10:11	10:11
5:30	4:24	4:21	11:11	11:11	11:11	11:11
6:30	5:24	5:21	12:11	12:11	12:11	12:11
7:30	6:24	6:21	1:11	1:11	1:11	1:11
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4:30	3:24	3:21	10:11	10:11	10:11	1

INAYAT KHAN

Points the Way for
America to Lead

Pir-Murshid Inayat Khan, philosopher, poet and mystic, who has just come to the United States to tell Americans how the path toward world tolerance and brotherhood is open and waiting for them to lead the way. Inayat Khan is an apostle of "Sufism."

DE VALERA STATES
TERMS OF PEACE

Irish Insurgents Demand Seats in
Dail, but Refuse Fealty
to Great Britain.

Dublin.—Calling a truce and offering a permanent abandonment of hostilities as long as the republicans are allowed to take part in politics, Eamon de Valera virtually threw the republican hand into the discard.

Suspension of hostilities is ordered by Frank Aiken, republican chief of staff in succession to Liam Lynch, all republican units being ordered to stand on the defensive while taking steps to protect themselves and their munitions.

De Valera's proclamation, on which this suspension of hostilities is based, asserts the government of the republic is anxious to contribute its share to the movement for peace and to found peace on principles that will give the government stability and otherwise prove of value to the nation. He proclaims a readiness to negotiate an immediate, permanent cessation of hostilities on a basis of six points, these being as follows:

First, the sovereign rights of the nation; second, all governmental and other authority to be derived exclusively from the people of Ireland; third, an ultimate court of appeal for deciding disputed questions of national expediency and policy; fourth, no individual or class of individual who subscribe to these principles can justly be excluded by any political oath or test or other device from their proper share of influence in determining the national policy or from the councils of the Parliament of the nation; fifth, freedom of meeting and the press; sixth, the military forces in Ireland are the servants of the nation and subject to the foregoing and amenable to the National Assembly when it is freely elected by the people.

WORLD'S NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

PEKING.—Outer Mongolia virtually annexed to Russia by protocol.

PARIS.—French to send cruiser to Alexandria and hold 18,000 soldiers ready for service in Syria.

MOSCOW.—All Russian Church Congress a dopt Communist program; backs Red Army to bring world revolution.

FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN, Germany.—Hugo Stinnes, the industrialist, has purchased the Frankfurter Nachrichten, organ of the German People's Party. This makes the third daily newspaper Stinnes now owns in Germany.

LAUSANNE.—United States Minister Grew at Lausanne insists American citizens have full rights in Turkey until new treaty is made.

BERLIN.—German reparations settlement offer of 30,000,000,000 gold marks, underwritten by industrialists, to be made shortly.

MOSCOW.—Following a conference between Col. William Haskell, head of the American Relief Administration in Russia, and his district superintendent, word is expected from Herbert Hoover, head of the organization, for withdrawal from the country. The famine is over.

LONDON.—As more than a million persons surged in the streets outside of Westminster Abbey, Albert, Duke of York, second son of the King, was married to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon with a ceremony living up to historical standards of pomp always attributed to royal weddings.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla.—The Florida Senate voted to remove from office Sheriff J. R. Jones of Leon county. This action was taken in the "rusalia" against ill treatment of convicts in this State, brought on by the death of Martin Tabert, a North Dakota youth.

CUNO WILL SEND
OFFER TO ALLIES

Stinnes Wins People's Party
Away From Chancellor in Hot
Debate With Stresemann.

MONEY BARON SHEDS MASK

Time Fixed for Transmitting Direct
Peace Proposal—Raid on Mark's Val-
ue Only Causes Reichsbank to Dip
Into Precious Gold Reserve.

Berlin.—Germany's superman, Hugo Stinnes, after using his financial power to undermine the Government's and the Reichsbank's attempt to stabilize the mark and to finance the passive resistance campaign in the Ruhr, now has brought his heavy political artillery into action against Chancellor Cuno's decision to submit a direct proposal for reparations and a Ruhr settlement to the Treaty of Versailles signatories this week.

Stinnes, who usually acts through subordinates, entered the battle personally at a caucus of the People's Party representatives in the Reichstag. He criticized sharply and vigorously the standpoint of Dr. Stresemann, the party leader, who believes with Cuno that an offer should be made. Stresemann countered with equal sharpness, and a hot debate ensued between the party's leader and its powerful member. Stinnes argued that the time was inopportune for submitting a proposal and that the Government and public opinion had been misinformed regarding the British Government's attitude and intentions.

He apparently has won his battle with Dr. Stresemann and swung the People's Party away from support of Chancellor Cuno's plan. It was announced by party leaders that conditions favoring such a proposal in view of supposed British opinion and intentions has been overestimated.

The hand of Stinnes and his friends is discernible in the flood of newspaper comment on the unlikelihood of an offer now. Cuno, however, still stands firmly against this combined political, business and newspaper pressure, and information from a most competent Government quarter was that not only would a proposal be submitted, but its main lines already had been definitely settled. Cuno has picked the time for telegraphing it to the Entente signatories to the peace treaty.

The reasons for speed are clear in the light of apparently trustworthy information that the Reichsbank has now swept its vaults clean of foreign exchange holdings in its efforts to prevent the mark's collapse and is about to attack the hitherto sacred gold reserve which has been kept inviolable as the last reserve of Germany's financial structure during all the storms since peace was signed. Part of the 300,000,000 gold marks transferred abroad will now be pledged, it is credibly reported, to raise funds to continue the stabilization campaign. Loans will be negotiated in London, where a large part of the gold is deposited in the Bank of England, the remainder being in the national banks of Switzerland and Holland.

That part of the big business interests which participated in the campaign to drive the mark down from 21 marks to the dollar to 30,000 as the point where it was believed they could resume their export business profitably continues to receive sharp knocks from all sides. Chancellor Cuno, meeting representatives of German industry, complained that when he entered the Ruhr struggle he believed he had industry with him, but found he had been deceived. Socialists aver that while the workers to a man are standing solidly behind the passive resistance policy, the leading Ruhr industrialists deliberately have conspired to weaken German resistance by raiding the mark and declare that these interests and not the Socialist advocates of negotiation rightly should be accused of "killing Germany in the back."

All indications are that a sharp day of reckoning is coming as soon as the Ruhr conflict is out of the way.

Considerable curiosity is therefore being manifested as to whether Germany offers an attractive financial risk to any foreign banking syndicate.

LABOR EXODUS STIRS CANADA

Artisans Cross United States Border
at Rate of 400 Daily.

Ottawa, Ont.—The great exodus of Canadians to the United States is now looming up as the subject for a great political battle throughout the Dominion. While politicians are arguing the issue and ex-Premier Arthur Meighen charges that the increasingly high cost of living is driving Canada's young men over the border by 400 daily, nothing is being done to stem the tide.

HUGHES FOR WORLD COURT

Join in Deference to Our Interest and
Our Ideals, He Urges.

Washington.—Speaking before the American Society of International Law, Secretary Hughes first laid down the fundamental reasons why this country should participate in the world court. He then told of the his country should participate in the direction ever since the Cleveland administration. He answered the objections to the Harding plan which have been set forth.

Although she fell from a second-story window at her home and landed face downward on the concrete walk, Eleanor, the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Circle of North Adams, Mass., was pronounced practically uninjured. Aside from a bump on her forehead and a scratch or two, the child suffered no ill effects from her experience.

MERTON L. COREY

New Member of the Fed-
eral Farm Loan Board

Merton L. Corey of Nebraska has been appointed a member of the Federal Farm Loan Board. Mr. Corey has been active in Democratic politics for many years.

HARDING MAY USE NAVY
ON RUM RUNNERS

Fleet of Speedy Armed Craft to
Enforce Dry Act Awaits Only
Official Ruling.

Washington.—A net-work of speedy navy craft, operating with the revenue cutter service, will be used to combat rum smuggling if the Department of Justice rules that armed forces can be utilized in carrying out the enforcement of the civil prohibition law.

The President let it be known, following the Cabinet discussion of the activity of rum runners, that the Administration's program has been completely worked out and needs only the verification of certification of certain powers of the Executive to put it into operation.

At the Navy Department it was said that whenever the President authorizes the use of naval forces in curbing the rum runners, adequate ships and personnel will be immediately assigned to this work. It was said that a fleet of small craft, suitable for patrolling the Atlantic coast, could be assigned to the work with little delay. It is understood that tentative orders have been issued to the commander of the Atlantic fleet to hold ready all available craft for this purpose, pending the receipt of word from the White House.

The President made it plain that the Administration's program does not contemplate trespassing beyond the territorial waters of the United States. The use of the naval craft, it is understood, would be restricted to the three-mile limit along the Atlantic coast, but the right of search and seizure of vessels of all flags within this area would be rigorously enforced. In this connection, the British government has made a strong point against any interference with vessels of its flag outside the territorial waters of the United States.

Two obstacles confronting the Administration is using naval vessels as a rum fleet. The Executive as commander in chief of the army and navy is authorized to use the military and naval forces in a "national emergency," but whether rum smuggling can be interpreted as this emergency must be passed upon by the Department of Justice.

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

Barrage of telegrams to Senators opposing the world court believed to be organized program of irreconcilables.

Rupture between President Harding and Hearst shown to be complete by President's recent speech to editors.

Official Washington convinced Senate will adopt Harding world court plan with reservations.

Colonel Hanford MacNider, formerly commander of the American Legion, said to have refused to consider Republican Vice-Presidential nomination.

Representative Daniel J. Roridan, New York, Democrat, dies of heart disease.

Value of Chester concession officially set at \$2,000,000,000 by Turks, government advisers reveal.

Shipping Board holds up decision of reconditioning of the President Buchanan.

Woman protests to President against European "meddlers" in United States affairs.

Secretary of State Hughes declares World Court is essential to us; holds that league domination is impossible.

Elihu Root defends world court and urges another international conference to outlaw war. Senator Borah assails Harding plan.

President Harding decided to permit transportation to the United States of the 500 Russian refugees who recently landed in the Philippines.

Expectation that the Government proceedings against the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange will be expedited was expressed by Acting Attorney General A. T. Seymour. He commented upon the fact that four circuit judges will preside over the case.

The first Penobscot salmon of the season, taken from the Bangor pool by Albert Fischer, was bought by Anah temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, and sent as a gift to President Harding. The fish weighs 15 pounds. The first salmon in 1923, taken by Michael Flanagan and weighing 18 1/2 pounds, also was forwarded to the President.

STUDENTS SEE
NEGRO LYNCHED

Co-Eds Join Crowd Which Cheers
the Storming of the Jail at
Columbus, Ohio.

PROFESSOR'S PLEA FUTILE

His Daughter Had Accused the Prison-
er—Prosecutor Will Demand
Investigation—Use Acetylene
Torch to Get at Victim.

Columbia, Mo.—Students of the University of Missouri and a crowd of 500 men and women cheered as James T. Scott, a negro, employed as janitor at the university, was taken from the jail by a storming party and hung, protesting his innocence, from a railroad bridge. He had been identified by Regina Alstedt, fourteen years old, daughter of Professor H. B. Alstedt of the university, as the negro who on April 20 tried to attack her near the very bridge from which his body dangled for an hour and a half after the lynchers had dispersed.

Sheriff Brown and Deputy Sheriff Hall, who acts as jailer, were not surprised when, about 11:15 o'clock p. m., they heard a cry outside the jail, "Come on—he's in here." They rushed to the door to confront a mob of twenty-five or thirty men and youths brandishing ropes and pistols.

When students and townspeople heard there was a lynching on foot there was a rush for the jail. From all directions ran students and residents, young and old, among them many women.

When they arrived the building was surrounded, and during the two hours that the leaders of the lynchers hammered at the walls and doors the townsfolk continued to gather, some apparently having deserted dancing floors. When the Sheriff and the jailer found their pleas were unavailing, they too stood by and watched. Several city policemen seemed helpless.

The first of the jail's doors was broken open without difficulty, but the second gave trouble and an acetylene torch was brought into play.

When the lock of Scott's cell yielded to the torch and he was dragged forth, cheers swelled into a roar from the throats of the hundreds outside.

"Take him to Stewart Bridge," the leaders yelled, and they set off, pushing and dragging their victim toward the structure in the southwestern part of town that spans a deep ravine and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad tracks.

Hundreds followed the mob, including about fifty women. There were at least fifty automobiles in the procession, and university students in many of them, although it is not known that any student took an active part in the storming of the jail or the lynching. As they neared the bridge, students in a fraternity house a block from the western approach could be heard singing "The Same Old Moon Shines Down on You."

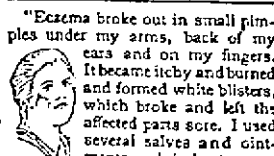
"Before God, gentlemen, I am innocent," cried Scott when they reached the bridge.

Professor Alstedt, himself, appealed to the mob to let the law take its course, but he was howled down and threatened with bodily injury. Prosecuting Attorney Hulen and other city officials made similar pleas without avail. Scott, bareheaded, his shirt torn, clasped his hands, and seemed to pray. Shouts of derision went up. "Over with him," the mob roared. Below, streaming over the landscape, hundreds of men and boys, with women here and there, raised the cry.

"A negro was in the cell with me," Scott said a moment before his death. "This afternoon he told me he did this. His wife and him had been having some trouble, like the girl who said the man who attacked her told about. My wife has never had trouble with me. Go down and see her. I can prove my innocence, mister."

A youth holding a small rope, which was around Scott's neck, was shoved aside. "Over with him," the cry went up again. A man pushed his way to Scott, slipped a noose over Scott's head, tied the rope to the bridge, pushed Scott up on the breast-high iron railing and shoved him over.

The alleged substitution of a carpet tack for a blueberry in a pie served at the Minerva restaurant, Portland, Me., last July caused damages of \$26.32 to Mrs. Lillian Ross, 23, of Mattapan, Mass., according to a decision of a supreme court jury. She sued the restaurant for \$2000.

Miss R. Crawford
Tells How Cuticura
Healed Eczema

"Eczema broke out in small pimples under my arms, back of my ears and on my fingers. It became itchy and burned and formed white blisters, which broke and left the affected parts sore. I used several salves and ointments which gave no relief. I was advised by a friend to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment which I did, and after using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Ruth Crawford, 33 Fairmont St., Malden, Mass.

Cuticura Soap daily, with Cuticura Ointment occasionally, prevents pimples or other eruptions. They are a pleasure to use, as is also Cuticura Talcum, a fascinating fragrance for perfuming the skin.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Organized 1819

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Deposits April 22, 1922,	\$12,467,557.09
Increase	\$740,938.10

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All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

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INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders
Promptly
Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods
are Fresh
AbsolutelyPARAGRAPHS FOR
THE NEW ENGLANDERNews of General Interest
From the Six States

A gift of \$10,000 has been made by F. O. Stanley of Newton, Mass., for the \$100,000 memorial fund to be raised for Hobson, Mass., Academy, Mr. Stanley is president of the board of trustees.

The "athlete's heart," admittedly a bugbear to the medical profession for many years, failed absolutely to put in an appearance among the contestants in the American marathon in Boston, April 19.

The life of little Florence Codorio of Brookfield, Mass., is credited to her shepherd dog, "King." Seeking mayflowers in the woods the child was caught in a quagmire. She began to sink, and grasped the dog. As Florence went deeper into the swamp, "King" stood firm to his task. All night, child and dog remained there until found by her brother.

Work in 48 factories affiliated with the Lynn, Mass., shoe manufacturers' association was resumed when 5000 strikers, members of the Amalgamated Shoe Workers of America, and an equal number thrown out of employment when the edgemakers, heel workers and Goodyear operators of the Allied Shoe and the women stitchers walked out returned under the recognized banner of the Amalgamated Shoe Workers.

Maj.-Gen. Andre W. Brewster, commanding the New England army corps area, told the Congressional military committee at their weekly meeting in Boston that discharge of military leaders in expectancy of permanent peace would be parallel to releasing fire chiefs and expecting that fires would cease. He declared that the public is back of all wars and not the military leaders. Disarmament would not end wars, Brewster informed his audience. He said this would merely change the method instead of removing the cause, adding that it would lead to a new series of wars, clubs or axes, the end of which would be long range guns.

Andrew J. Goodhue, father of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, wife of the Vice-President, died at his home in Burlington, Vt., last week. Mr. Goodhue was 75 years of age and was retired from business.

City Manager Lewis W. Haskell has put his foot down on Marathon dances in Auburn, Me., ball, and his announcement to that effect completely upset plans for a scheduled endurance dancing contest.

Charged with driving an automobile while under the influence of liquor, Elaine M. Burke of 425 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, was given a sentence of 20 days when arraigned in municipal court. The case was the first of its kind in municipal court.

The site of the first public school in Dorchester, Mass., is being made over into a park by the Park and Recreation Department and the old building known as the First Free Public School in America has been razed to make room for the improvement.

The total number of liquor cases brought in Rhode Island by federal authorities since the "dry" law went into effect in January three years ago, passed the 500 mark with the filing of criminal informations against 20 alleged violators of the national prohibition law in Providence.

DRY MEN INFEST CAPITAL

Inquiry Regarding Alleged Graft in Prohibition Enforcement.

New York.—A transfer which sends ten agents, the "hardest hitters" of the local Prohibition enforcement unit, to Washington for an indefinite stay and the shuffling to this city of a squad of "super-detectives," the pick of the Secret Service, are the first moves made to execute Secretary Mellon's order for an inquiry regarding alleged graft in enforcing the Volstead act.

WOMEN FOR SUGAR BOYCOTT

Say It Is Time to Curb Profiteers in Necessity.

New York.—Delegates from more than two hundred women's clubs, representing at least 500,000 women of the city, will meet in the City Hall to discuss a sugar boycott. Activity by women resulted in official action and organizations are lining up to combat the increase in the price of sugar. Some retailers are said to be looking for 15 cents a pound; others 104 average.

In Love and Business

By H. I. KING

(C. 1911, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Mr. Danforth, I want to marry your daughter," Arthur Dutton made this statement as one high and mighty potentate might propose an alliance with another. Why should he not? He had been brought up to regard himself as a little better than his neighbors. From the time of his grandfather the Duttons had been the biggest people for miles around. His father owned the butter-tub factory at Duttonville and there was not another village nearer than ten miles. So Arthur went away to preparatory school and then to college imbued with a sense of superiority that did not desert him.

Arthur saw nothing presumptuous in demanding of John Danforth, the lord of mines and railroads, the hand of his daughter Eleanor. In his excursions into New York society he had met the girl and fallen in love with her, and Eleanor, after a very brief hesitation, had given her heart to this tall, aristocratic-looking young man from upstate.



"Now, Here's the Situation."

Danforth had seen Arthur calling at his house. When he sent in his card to Danforth's private office his name was recognized and the millionaire had him sent in. Whereupon Arthur made the statement with which this story begins.

"Want to marry my daughter?" exclaimed Mr. Danforth. "Of course you do. Many young men would like to marry John Danforth's daughter. Pardon my curiosity, but have you any special qualifications for the position for which you propose yourself—that of my son-in-law? Oh, perhaps, I should not put it that way. From your manner I should gather that you think it more becoming of me to ask to what I am indebted for the honor you propose to confer on me."

"Well," replied Arthur, for the first time in his life fully taken aback, "you see, I love Eleanor and Eleanor loves me."

"Oh, I apprehend you—love's young dream—very pretty, I am sure. And may I ask of your ability to support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed? I believe that is the conventional phrase generally used by parents in my painful position."

Arthur was inclined to be sulky. "My father," he said, "is a manufacturer—makes butter tubs. He owns Duttonville, and I am his only child."

"Ah, indeed," smiled the millionaire. "So your father is Prince of Duttonville and you are the heir apparent? And how large might this principality of yours be now?"

"We have five factory houses and employ 20 men in the shop," growled Arthur. "It's a good paying business."

"No doubt," said Danforth. "Duttonville? Duttonville did you say? And then after musing a minute he exclaimed: "By George, I believe that is the place. Is this principality of yours on the Kickapoo river, young man?"

"It is," snapped Arthur. "Then sit down there and hold your tongue a minute. I want to talk to you about something of more importance than boy and girl whimsies," almost shouted Danforth. He touched a button in his desk and a clerk appeared. "Bring me the papers in the electric power company matter." The clerk disappeared, presently to return bearing a large number of filed and labeled documents.

"Now, here's the situation," said the millionaire, spreading some of the papers open on his desk. "I and some associates have formed the Excelsior Light and Power company. We propose to supply electric light and power to all that section of the state indicated by the blue lines drawn on this map."

greitfully of his own youth, when he had begun the construction of the vast fabric of his fortune.

At length Danforth said: "We will go further into this tomorrow. Be here at ten o'clock. I guess you and I working together can astonish the natives."

"And what about my first proposition, Mr. Danforth?" asked Arthur.

"What about continuing the tub factory? That goes, of course," answered the older man.

"No, sir, my proposition with regard to your daughter," said Arthur. The door opened and in came Eleanor, small, lively, a pretty blonde of most engaging manner.

"I've come to take you home, dad," she cried. "Why, Mr. Dutton, what are you and dad concealing between you?"

"Er—talking business," replied Arthur.

"I hope your talk was satisfactory," she laughed, telegraphing with her eyes. "Dad has the reputation of being a hard man to do business with, but also the reputation of never neglecting a good thing when he sees it. Come, dear."

Arthur accompanied them as far as the waiting motor. As Danforth was stepping into the car the young man said: "About that first proposition of mine, Mr. Danforth?"

"Oh, we'll talk that over later; perhaps we can arrange it." And arranged it was to the entire satisfaction of Eleanor and Arthur, the latter of whom is now vice president of the Excelsior Light and Power company and president of the Duttonville Butter Tub company, as well as son-in-law to Millionaire Danforth.

FAMOUS OLD FRENCH TOWNS

Carcassonne and Cordes Remind the Traveler of the Days of Knights and Armor.

Carcassonne and Cordes are cities in southern France which are perpetual reminders of the grim old days of knights and armor. In the former town there are massive ramparts in two circles, one within the other; the outer line circumscribes the town in unbroken majesty for almost a mile. The consecutive layers of masonry show how the builders in turn strengthened the defenses of their predecessors. The inner and outer walls are not quite parallel, and here and there a broad ribbon of greenery separates them. The space between the walls was called the lices, and in times of peace tournaments were held there.

Cordes, which is a blood brother to Carcassonne, was founded in 1222 by Raymond VII of Toulouse. This city is perched dizzily on an isolated hill, and is inclosed with ramparts of the Thirteenth century. There are three principal gates and one principal street, which runs like a spinal cord directly over the top of the hill and through the center of the diminutive metropolis. The other streets, which you can count on the fingers of one hand, meander off along the hillside. The crumbling houses that line the thoroughfares—some of which are shoulder-deep the burden of seven centuries—are set at all angles as they cling to the precipitous slopes; some are of sculptured stone, and some are of plaster and half timber, and their eaves frequently project over the roadway. There are no sidewalks, the cobbled or pebbled streets serve man and beast alike.

Psychology of the Eyes. When the hunter brings his shotgun to his shoulder, usually both eyes are open, but he sees only along the line of his barrel. The left eye sees the side of the gun, but this is useless, and the hunter is unaware of it. If two large pieces of paper, one colored green and one colored red, are held before the eyes so that the right eye sees only green and the left eye only red, a curious thing occurs. One seems to see a whole field of red, or a whole field of green, sometimes a little of each field. But if a pencil is moved across the red paper the whole field of vision becomes red. If the pencil then is quickly moved eyes so that the right eye sees only green. That is, the pencil directs the attention to one field or the other and you see that color to which the attention is directed.—Prof. Henry C. McComas, in the North American Review.

Hair Wavers in Demand. A United market for hair wavers exists in the Dominican republic, in spite of the fact that knickerbockers are natural to most of the natives. Local merchants secure merchandise of this kind where the amount and the value of the individual order is small from commission houses in New York. By so doing the local dealer can greatly cut down the number of individual accounts and shipments, says Consul W. A. Bickers, Puerto Plata, in a report to the Department of Commerce.

Disabled British Soldiers. Disabled ex-service men in England who receive disability pensions number 800,000. Thirty thousand British firms have undertaken to employ such men to a fixed percentage of their total employees. Against this large number of private employers who sought to help is to be contrasted the fact that only about one-third of the public authorities employing labor have entered into the undertaking.—The Nation's Business.

Bring Hunger to the Board. The chief pleasure in eating does not consist in costly seasoning, or exquisite flavor, but in yourself. Do you seek sauce by sweating?—Horse.

Knowledge and Practice. Every one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than he practices, and recognizes a better how than he obeys.—Fronde.

Unfortunate Truth. A man never sees all that his mother has been to him till it's too late to let her know that he sees it.—W. D. Howells.

Trust Will Breed Trust. Trust men, and they will be true to you; trust them gently, and they will show themselves great.—Emerson.

Two-Foot Snake Is Found in Calf's Body. A year-old calf owned by Henry L. Clarke, of Exeter, Mich., died under mysterious circumstances. Unusual symptoms baffled veterinarians, so an autopsy was held. A two-foot water snake was found twined around the lungs and heart of the animal.

Death came when the snake began eating its way through the walls of the stomach.

Went West to Seek His Fortune and Found It. In 1916, Edwin Callahan graduated from the University of Chicago and, with an engineer's diploma and a lot of nerve, headed for the West to seek his fortune. Finding things kind of tame in California, he drifted into Mexico and became interested in the guerrilla warfare, fighting on both sides, and when the natives got through fighting, he began to mingle with the Indians, where he soon established a reputation as a "Smart Man."

Through his technical training and tips given him by the Indians, he has managed to secure 100,000 acres of rich Mexican land and also holds valuable gold placer interests.

Callahan is twenty-eight years old and says that Mexico has won him for life.

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Skeleton Shows Cliff Dwellers Were Dwarfs

Prescott, Ariz.—Scientists who will visit Prescott next summer to attempt to clear the mystery of the ancient cliff dwellings on the Verde river will be asked to give their attention to a skeleton found recently by Morris and Howell Payne, ranchers, living a few miles north of this city.

Although the skeleton is apparently no larger than that of a child of four or five years, the skull contains a fully developed set of mature teeth.

The Payne brothers unearthed the skeleton while excavating for a road in Granite Dells, a vast granite formation near Prescott.

The skeleton has excited lively interest on account of the size and the maturity of the teeth and skull bones, which, one physician said, showed none of the evidences of immaturity such as would appear on an infant's cranium.

Prints of the hands of the builders of the well-preserved prehistoric dwelling known as Montezuma's castle are still seen in the mudlike mortar holding the stones together, and these prints indicate that the dwellers were persons with very small hands.

The tiny doorways and low ceilings seem to bear out the theory that the people living there were of small stature.

Crude Tin Can Still Saves Two in Desert

Tucson, Ariz.—Henry Bode, a mining engineer, and his wife, are in Tucson after a successful fight against the desert region that lies along the eastern shores of the Gulf of California. Their supply of water gave out in the hills, where no springs could be found, while the nearest settlement was several days' travel away.

So, seeking the shore of the gulf, they improvised a crude distilling apparatus, mainly from a five-gallon oil can and several tomato cans. Thus they obtained enough water for themselves and four horses for ten days.

Then the party sighted a small Mexican coastwise trading steamer, which was signaled by the burning of palm fronds and which sent a boat to the beach. Return to the United States was by way of the Port of Onaymas.

KEEN SEARCH FOR EGYPTIAN RELICS

University of Pennsylvania Is Sharing in Antiquary Research With Four Parties.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The University of Pennsylvania's Egyptian expedition, which has been delving into buried history at the entrance of the Valley of the Kings, where the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen was recently found, is preparing to move to a cooler climate to continue searching for bits of information relating to the activities of men in past ages.

The university is now conducting four expeditions. One is in the Valley of the Kings, another at Memphis, which was the oldest capital of Egypt; a third in Palestine, and another in Babylon, where in connection with the expedition of the British museum, an ancient temple believed to have been built 3,000 years before the birth of Christ was discovered.

Announcement of the finding of this temple was recently made. Inscriptions were found showing that King Nebuchadnezzar repaired the place during his reign in the Sixth century, B. C.

Excavation Work Continues. The university has arranged the work of her excavators so that when the hot weather season comes in one place they move to another, assuring almost continuous effort.

The work now coming to a close is at Thebes in an area adjoining the concession of Lord Carnarvon. During the two seasons of digging at Thebes several tombs have been discovered constructed in the same way as that of Tut-Ankh-Amen, but all of them open and looted. The objects found in each were not of interest to robbers, such as canopic jars, ushabtis, inscriptions and papyri.

In the last named class of objects a really notable discovery was made at the close of last season, when two sealed pottery cylinders were found within the entrance chamber of a tomb, which contained rolls of papyrus. These were in a perfect state of preservation. On the outside of each roll was a document written in ancient Greek, and upon examination the papyrus proved to be Demotic documents dating from 318 B. C. to 285 B. C. They are mostly contracts, and contain the business transactions of a family during the period of years which they covered. These papyri are now being translated in the university museum.

All of the tombs discovered on the museum's concession were of officials of the government of Thebes who wished to be buried near the kings, and whose tombs are, therefore, found in close proximity to the royal resting places.

At the same time that the university museum is working this concession at Thebes it is also excavating at Memphis, 14 miles above Cairo, where the museum expedition discovered several years ago the royal palace of Merneptah, an extensive structure covering a large area and including numerous courts. The floors of this temple are found 25 feet below the surface of the ground. The lower walls, and sometimes doorways and parts of columns, are found standing.

Tut's Father-in-Law. One of the interesting discoveries made at this place is the head of a life-size statue of Akhnaton, the father-in-law of Tut-Ankh-Amen. The features are exquisitely modeled and the sensitive face is rendered in a wonderfully lifelike manner.

The throne room of the Merneptah palace, especially the dais shows rich sculpture and elaborate use of color. The ornaments and hieroglyphic inscriptions on the columns, and the stonework surrounding the doorways, are inlaid with beautiful pale faience. Surrounding the throne room are dressing rooms, retiring rooms, and a bathroom, which originally had running water.

Excavation here is still in progress, and its completion is expected to throw much light on the domestic and official life of the Pharaohs.

Memphis was the capital of Egypt from the earliest times down to about 2,000 B. C. Then the Pharaohs moved their capital south to Thebes, which arose to great splendor. Herodotus referred to the hundred gates of Thebes. This city remained the capital until Alexander the Great founded the new capital at Alexandria, except for that brief interval when Akhnaton built this new capital at Tell-el-Amarna in order that he might start everything in Egypt afresh: religion, art, architecture and government. His interesting experiment lasted for about a generation, or until Tut-Ankh-Amen restored the old religion, reversed the policy of father-in-law, changed his name from Tut-Ankh-Aton to Tut-Ankh-Amen as a symbol of his reversion, and went back to Thebes as the seat of his government.

Memphis, who is regarded by most authorities as the Pharaoh of the Exodus, reigned 1225 B. C., or about 125 years before Tut-Ankh-Amen.

Losses Royal Rank on Marriage. Tokyo.—Prince Kunikida Kuni, the elder brother of Princess Nagako Kuni, bride-elect of the prince regent, is engaged to Miss Kazuko Shimizu, sixteen years old, a sister of Prince Shimizu. Prince Kuni is to descend to the rank of a subject with the title of marquis. He is twenty-two years old and is studying in the military academy.

But There Are Others. The man who inherits the earth, but if such firsts other tenants.—Wall Street Journal.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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BICYCLE SAILING. NEW SPORT



And a good one. In the Sunny South it is real work to pedal on the wheel, but with the addition of a sail all is lovely, and then the pedaling is done without effort. With a good breeze real speed can be made on the hard sand beach. Photo shows Eleanor Hoffman of Providence, R. I., out for a bicycle sail at Ormond Beach, Fla.

FIND JEWELS IN INDIAN MOUND

Diggers Find 300-Pearl Necklace Worth \$15,000 and 14-Inch Ceremonial Quartz Spearhead.

Chillicothe, O.—A necklace valued at \$15,000 and containing 300 freshwater pearls has been dug out of the Hopewell Indian mound, near here. In announcing the find recently, Dr. W. O. Mills, head of the state archeological society, declared that the necklace was the first ever found among mound builders' relics.

The gems now are the property of the state. An offer of \$15,000 for them was rejected recently. Several of the gems in the string are polished and in excellent condition. The majority are imperfect, however.

At the big Pricer mound, near Baldwin, another valuable find was made when a ceremonial quartz spearhead 14 inches long was dug up. This is the largest spearhead ever found in Ohio. The valuable relic was washed out of the mound on the property of Mrs. Mary Wood. It is in the possession of a state historical society.

SEE FLEET IN WEIRD MIRAGE

Officers of Steamship in South Australian Waters Witness Extraordinary Sight.

Sydney, N. S. W.—An extraordinary sea mirage was witnessed recently by Spencer's gulf, South Australia, by officers of the steamship Trevithick, bound to Fremantle.

The display began with the appearance of a ship ahead, of which the smoke and funnels were plainly seen. A little later, between sky and sea, appeared a distorted vessel, like the creation of a mad shipbuilder, possessing neither lines nor any distinct type of construction, upside down, with crazy propellers madly churning the vacant sky.

At one time the display took the form of an inverted picture of dozens of vessels of all sizes, moving in different directions. Then suddenly the ships merged into one.

Officers of the Trevithick declared the phenomenon was the most wonderful in their experience.

POEM IDENTIFIES DEAD MAN

Widow of American Soldier Also Claims Trinkets as Those of Her Husband.

Washington.—A typewritten poem found on the body of an American soldier killed near Binarville, France, proved the means of identifying the body as that of Thomas O'Keefe, Company D, Three Hundred Sixty machine gun battalion, Seventy-seventh division.

By tracing the poem to its author and checking over the lists of the Twenty-seventh and Seventy-seventh divisions, searchers ultimately found the widow of the missing soldier, who positively identified other articles found on the body.

There were found, in addition to the typewritten poem, a few coins, a book with the pencilled notations, "Nevada Consolidated Copper company" and "Still Water Gazette"; also a ring engraved "T. O'K." All these articles were preserved and the army machinery for identification of the unknown dead in France began its work.

Plan Lands for Service Men. Lansing, Mich.—Commissioner of Agriculture L. Whitney Watkins has taken under consideration plans proposed by representatives of the American Legion for the settlement of former service men on agricultural lands of the state. The plan provides for financing by the state and repayment upon a twenty-year amortization basis.

Italy's Army to Be Doubled. Rome, Italy.—Army reorganization in Italy, under Premier Mussolini, will double the force of men under arms. It one includes the national militia. The kingdom will have land forces numbering between 400,000 and 500,000 officers and men.

"Blue Hen" State. Blue Hen state is a nickname for Delaware. During the Civil war a certain popular officer of Delaware, General Cadwallader, asserted that a game cock to be unvanquished must be "a blue hen's chicken." This name was at once applied to his regiment and later to the state and its people.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WILD ANIMALS KNOW FRIEND

Man, Sole Resident of Island, Has Won Confidence of Deer to a Remarkable Extent.

A wonderful wild-animal sanctuary is to be found on Hardy Island, a dot of rocks and trees off the coast of British Columbia, where a veteran prospector has achieved the feat of winning the confidence of wild deer so completely that now they come from long distances to visit him. This remarkable man, T. B. Brazil, has built tables for the deer near his house. Each deer has a separate bowl, and their table manners are exceptionally good. This is the first wild-deer restaurant in the world, writes Francis Dickie in the Christian Herald.

That animals communicate with one another is strikingly shown by the fact that when Mr. Brazil first took up his residence on this island, where he is the only human being, he saw only two deer. He put out feed for them, and after a few weeks got their confidence. In the autumn those deer brought five more. The next year there were 80. Today, six years later, hundreds come to the island. They make it their refuge during the shooting season, knowing they will be protected, and the deer give birth to their young, so that in the early summer the island is alive with little ones.

The deer come and go at will, and the minute they are parted from their protector are absolutely wild deer. It has not been easy work for the man thus to establish himself in perfect trust of the hundreds of deer and it has taken him nearly a decade, but now the deer are coming to him from distant islands and the mainland. It certainly is an achievement, for it must be borne in mind that all these deer were born in the wild and came to maturity in the fear of man. Most of them will vanish at sight of a stranger.

While the animals are well fed at the open air restaurant, some of them fast on coming to the house and knocking on the door with head or horns, or rattling the door knob with their teeth, in this way begging for extra food delicacies, such as oatmeal. One great buck came every night in this manner for a period of a year, often forcing the man to get out of bed to feed him.

Drink. Could you drink seventeen large glasses of wine (more than half a gallon) in six minutes? Edmund Gwenn, English actor, does it in the musical play, "Lilac Time." Result: He's the theatrical sensation of London. The English mob can't understand how anyone can guzzle over two quarts in six minutes, and do it twice a day. Gwenn lets them in on his secret—the "wine" is colored water. But that only puzzles the English still more.

Swallowing half a gallon of water in six minutes is an achievement. Gwenn says he has to drink on an empty stomach, doesn't dare eat before the show. All of which may seem unimportant. But the English public is giving it about as much attention as the situation along the Rhine. Thus returns normally, the period in which public attention is chiefly on trivialities.

The Canary's Alring. George, age five, is a pretty sharp youngster and picks up much of the slang that goes the rounds. He was greatly interested last summer in his neighbor's canary and when the bird was put on the perch on the warm days often stood beside the cage and submitted various questions as to birds' habits generally. One of his questions was, "Why do you put the bird outdoors?" He appeared satisfied when told that it was to give the canary fresh air.

A few days ago George dropped into the neighbor's house. Spying the bird, he said he guessed it was too cold to put the singer outside now, and when told that his guess was correct, studied for a minute, and then said: "Oh, well, I suppose you'll give him the air again next summer."

Real Family Life. An Indianapolis plumber with offices in North Delaware street is the father of seven children and is in the habit of buying their clothes at the same time of the same firm.

Saturday he walked into a downtown shoe store, followed by his children, and in response to the question, "What size?" answered: "Oh, mix 'em up."

That same plumber was afraid to go home from a party because he had only four balloons, three short of enough to satisfy his children. He stayed and stayed until he obtained three more, and went on his way, rejoining at 1:30 in the morning.—Indianapolis News.

Books They Read. The books people read are always interesting and amusing. Today in one office a dignified financier buried his head in a book on Checker Playing, a clerk read a Russian novel, a telephone operator was reading some of Walt Whitman's poems, while the office boy discussed the best way to end the last act of a play he is writing.—Detroit News.

By Comparison. Chicago's new railway station will be 40 stories high, says a report. This will make an upper berth seem like a lower.

Boy Claims Prize. A fifteen-year-old boy in Medford, Ore., claims a \$100 prize for long distance reception. He picked up an address delivered in Cuba.

Thought for the Day. The fellow who tries to lie out of a mistake has discovered a form of perpetual motion.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,
302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desiring to have water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

ARABIA THE LAST FRONTIER

Easy of Access Though the Country Is Much of Its Lands Still Are Unexplored.

It is a curious circumstance, when you pause to consider it, that of Arabia, whose shores are skirted almost daily for upward of 2,000 miles by tourist-laden steamers, which can be reached by airplane from Cairo between breakfast and luncheon of a single day, the western world has less knowledge than it has of inner Asia or equatorial Africa or the polar regions, writes E. Alexander Powell in the World's Work. Though in area the peninsula is one-third the size of the United States, the Europeans who have penetrated its mysterious interior can be numbered on the fingers of one's two hands. Sadler, Palgrave, Burton, Kelly, Doughty Lawrence, Leitchman, Philby, and two women, Lady Anne Blunt (the granddaughter of Lord Byron) and Miss Gertrude Bell—these you have all, or nearly all, of the names that comprise the brief, intrepid list. It is the only land which has successfully defied the white man and halted the on-sweep of civilization, the lives and customs of its 10,000,000 inhabitants since the world was young. It is the sole remaining country on the map considerable areas of which are still marked "unexplored." It is the last frontier.

EDUCATING THE CITY CHILD

Cow Recently Placed in New York Zoo Source of Much Delight to the Juveniles.

New York's zoo seems to be the first one to get a cow for exhibition among the "strange animals" gathered from all quarters of the globe. The cow was presented by the Dairyman's league.

So, now, no longer will city children entertain a vague idea that milk as they know it originates somehow in a bottle or a tin can. The American animal that generates milk will be right before their eyes, and, no doubt, at fixed times of day she will be milked in the presence of large and deeply interested juvenile audiences.

In St. Louis it was found that there were large numbers of children that had never seen a sheep, a somewhat smaller number that had never beheld a pig, and a very considerable percentage to whom a cow was only a picture.

A cow is, of course, as appropriate in a zoo as a bear, and ours, like others, will be greeted with one. Children will learn where the milk comes from and when they are older they can visit a first-class dairy and see what is done to it to keep it wholesome.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Resourceful Actor.

This is a story told by Representative Julius Kahn of California: "The villain was to climb a ladder to a barred window in the third act and try to find his way to freedom. Then, when about to escape, he was to be shot by some one on the outside, after which he was to fall back from the ladder, exclaiming:

"Heavens, I'm shot!" or something like that before breathing his last.

"On this occasion the revolver of the man behind the scenes who was to fire a blank cartridge didn't work, and the man falling away at the bars could not consistently fall back, exclaiming that he was shot. But he was a resourceful actor, and so he fell from the ladder at the right place, anyhow. As he did so he yelled:

"Good heavens! I've swallowed the file!"—New York Herald.

Makes Living by Kite Flying. Kite flying is usually looked upon as a pleasurable pastime for boys—or politicians.

An enterprising Brighton firm, however, has turned it into a paying commercial proposition, notes the London Daily News. Mrs. Bernard Roach, more popularly known as "Bobby," is the dominating figure in the firm.

She makes kites of all designs and sizes, and it is amazing to see the uses to which she puts them. Primarily they are used for advertising.

"Bobby," however, has been towed out to sea in a canoe by one of her own kites; she has fished with them; set loose parachutes from them; distributed pamphlets from them; played what resembles an aerial jazz band with them, and has used them for keeping the birds down while shooting.

At the Afternoon Tea. Mrs. Newlight (to daughter)—"Jane, dear! Sing the song the French professor charged \$50 an hour to teach you!"

Hard Life of Unmarried Girl. In Papua, the unmarried women live in a tree high above the other natives. In a sticky little hut made from bamboo.

PROFIT MADE IN LAMBING SEASON

Little Extra Care by Shepherd at This Critical Period Will Be Repaid Later On.

GRAIN FEED CAUSES TROUBLE

Use of Small Individual Pens Prevents Other Sheep From Injuring Young Animals—Prevent Chilling in Cold Weather.

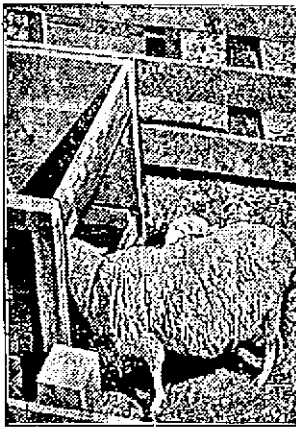
(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The lambing season is a busy time for the shepherd, as the percentage of lambs saved affects the profitability of the flock. Extra work at this period will be well repaid, as a little care given at the right time will result in the saving of many lambs, and even of some of the ewes that would otherwise be lost, and will offset thus greatly increase the amount of profit from the flock, according to specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Ewes which have been well cared for and which arrive at this season in good condition will give very little trouble during lambing. It should be remembered that only a small amount of grain, approximately one-quarter to one-half pound per head per day, should be fed to the ewes just before lambing, as heavy grain feeding at this time will often cause under trouble. Even in flocks which have received the best of care, it is usually necessary to help some of the ewes deliver their lambs. When assistance is needed the hands should be thoroughly cleansed and rubbed with oil to prevent infection and irritation to the ewe.

Ewe in Individual Pen. Just before or immediately after she has lambed, each ewe should be placed in a small individual pen. The use of these pens prevents the other sheep from injuring the lambs and gives the ewe a much better chance to "mother" her lamb.

As soon as the lamb is delivered the shepherd should cleanse the phlegm from the lamb's mouth and nostrils.



Ewe and Lamb in Individual Pen.

Some lambs when dropped, while apparently normal in every way, will fail to start breathing, but oftentimes their breathing may be started by blowing into their mouth and nostrils.

The first few hours of the lamb's life is the most critical period through which it passes. In cold weather care is required to prevent the newborn lamb from chilling. In case a lamb becomes slightly chilled it may usually be revived by wrapping in dry cloths or by being placed near a warm fire for a short time. If badly chilled, however, it may be necessary to immerse the lamb for two or three minutes in water which is as hot as the hand can bear, after which it should be wiped as dry as possible, wrapped in dry cloths and placed in a warm room.

Lambs which are unable to stand and suckle, and those which have been chilled, should be helped to secure a fill of milk as soon as possible. After they have suckled two or three times and become thoroughly dry and warm they will stand considerable hardship.

Ewes Disown Lambs.

If individual pens are used for the ewe and lamb, and the ewe is in good condition so that they have sufficient milk for their offspring, very few of the lambs will be disowned. Young ewes with their first lamb, and those in poor condition, give the most trouble in disowning their lambs. In case a ewe refuses to own her lamb it often helps to draw some of the milk and rub it upon her nose and over the lamb. If she has lost her lamb she may be induced to adopt some disowned one or a twin lamb by taking the skin from her own lamb and fastening it over the one to be adopted.

The ewes should be given all the water they want immediately after lambing, and care should be taken to cut down on their feed, particularly

INCREASING EGG PRODUCTION

Poultryman Should Make Use of Trap Nest and Employ Systematic Method of Breeding.

The poultryman who would increase the average egg production of his fowls should employ the trap nest, at least to some degree, practice careful selection always, and put into effect a systematic method of breeding which will result in a more efficient strain, grade, for the first few days.

Wife's Good Wishes.

"Aren't you going to congratulate me, wife? Why, I was just released from the pen today after serving one sentence of five years," said the ex-convict. His long-suffering wife looked up wearily from her work. "Many happy returns," she said. "I wish you many happy returns."

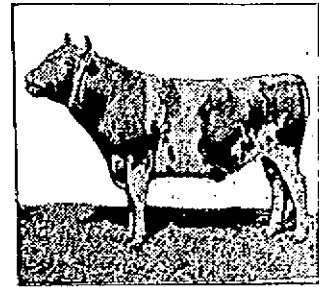
VIRGINIA AND OHIO URGE BETTER SIRES

Two States Have Been Active in Improving Stock.

Nebraska, Kentucky, Washington, South Carolina and Vermont Are Also Actively Engaged in Drive to Improve Animals.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

For more than a year the states of Virginia and Ohio have been unusually active, as shown by United States Department of Agriculture records, in improving their live stock by the use of purebred sires. At the end of the calendar year 1922 Ohio showed a



Only Good Bulls Should Head a Herd.

total of 2,203 persons who had pledged themselves in writing to use purebred sires for all classes of live stock raised. Virginia's total was 1,930. Early in January, Virginia filed with the department 104 additional pledges in one day, thus passing the 2,000 mark and narrowing the margin considerably.

Other states similarly active in this organized drive to improve their live stock are Nebraska, Kentucky, Washington, South Carolina and Vermont. Current progress of the work in these and other states is shown by a report, just issued by the bureau of animal industry, and is obtainable on request.

TO MEASURE FARM INCOMES

Nation-Wide Survey Being Made to Discover Results of Farm Operations.

A nation-wide survey to discover the dollars and cents result of farm operations for the country as a whole in 1922 is now being made by the United States Department of Agriculture.

The survey, giving the facts of receipts and expenses, is the first of its kind ever attempted, and is part of a permanent project to determine the trend of incomes from farming, currently from 1922 forward, and backward, so far as available data will permit. The survey will show acreage, farm value, method of operation, production, receipts and expenses on individual farms. Computations will be made by sections of the country and also by commodities.

In addition to a general questionnaire distributed among 60,000 of the department's crop reporters, a detailed broadcast questionnaire will be sent to all farmers in counties where the department has already made farm business analysis studies. This year the special county work will include 15 areas, ten by mail and six covered personally by department representatives.

TURKEYS IN HIDDEN PLACES

Hens Often Steal Nests in Patch of Weeds or Tall Grass—Best Plan to Confine Them.

Turkey hens are wont to "steal" their nests in hidden places, such as a patch of weeds, tall grass or thick brush and often wander a half mile or more from home before they find locations that suit them. To find these stolen nests often proves to be a long and tedious task, the usual method being to follow each turkey hen as she separates from the flock and starts toward her nest, care being taken that she does not know she is being followed. A much easier and quicker method than this is to confine the hens early some morning soon after they have come down from nest and let them out late in the afternoon. Those that are laying will then head for their nests in order to lay the eggs they have been holding.

If many turkeys are kept, the use of a breeding pen will be found a great convenience. This pen should cover a sufficient area to allow the turkeys some exercise, an acre for fifteen birds being none too large. A hog-tight wire fence three feet high will hold most turkeys, and if any persist in flying out, the flight feathers of one wing should be clipped. Nests should be scattered about the pen.

SHIP ONIONS LONG DISTANCE

Important That They Be Properly Matured, Cleaned and Graded Before Packing.

If properly matured, cleaned and graded, onions may be shipped long distances. If they are shipped to points outside of your state, they have to be graded according to the standards adopted by the United States Department of Agriculture. Before shipping, you should know the financial standing of the person or firm you are dealing with.

Another Use for Corn-cob.

A paste derived from the corn-cob may be used as a water in the manufacture of fiber and wall board.

Thought for the Day.

We own only what we honestly earn; what we do not honestly earn is ours.

IN DRAPED DRESS

Leading Novelty of Season Features Mysterious Folds in Great Profusion.

The most important change in fashions is the return of elaborate draperies, observes a Paris fashion writer in the Boston Globe. Everything is draped—skirts, wraps, and in some cases, even coats. But the leading novelty of the present season is the draped dress which falls into mysterious folds—everywhere.

One of Worth's latest models is the dress draped up at one side only. Also these draperies are so cleverly arranged that they seem to cling about the ankles. This is a notable feature in our up-to-date styles. We find the same idea repeated by different dress-makers, in a vast variety of materials, but the general outline remains the same. A great deal of draped stuff over the hips—or over one hip—and a marked tendency to draw in the skirt at the ankles.

Sleeves daily become more and more important. In some cases they are really enormous and of balloon or leg of mutton outline, but these are exceptional. As a rule our dress artists are content with sleeves which are tight from shoulder to elbow and then full and elaborately trimmed down to the wrists. The gauntlet cuffs are original but quite wearable. They



An Early Summer Model of Jade Green Crepe Marvaine With Piplings of Same Material.

are worked in with the sleeve itself; sometimes the wide gauntlet effect is produced by the presence of flexible wires. More often one finds a series of stiff cords run into the material.

Doucet is showing beautiful models with long light sleeves, finishing at the wrists with petal cuffs which almost cover the hands. Indeed, long sleeves, which mold the arms, are going to be a feature of the spring and summer seasons. The soft material may be plain or ruffled, but the important thing is that it should seem skin-tight. Very much the same thing applies to the modern corsage. It is plain and tight, but always fitted, and worn, over a rational corset. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written to the contrary, there are no serious signs of a small-waist revival.

Figured Silk Is Used for Newest Parasols

Parasols are in for a good deal of attention.

They are usually of quite substantial sort, so that they may be really used to keep the sun off, not only for ornament.

There are some huge ones, really Chinese umbrellas, of stiff silk, quite as impervious to rain as to sun. That makes these pretty parasols doubly useful, for they protect from a summer shower as well as from the summer sun. They are quite the vogue at some of the beach resorts. They are decorated with designs of various sorts painted on by hand. These parasols, of course, come in many colors.

Indeed, it is quite the thing nowadays to have the parasol made rain-proof. This is not just like the sun-umbrella, for it is rather a parasol made to withstand the rain.

Some of these are made of figured silk, especially in Persian designs, combined with plain silk. Broad stripes and floral designs are used also in these rainproof parasols.

Ribbon Girdles.

Girdles for wear on the new spring afternoon dresses are made of seven strands of inch-wide ribbon. Streamers of the same ribbon may hang at one side of the dress. Many simple dresses will have as their only trimming a girdle or sash of ribbon which starts at a cabochon on the right side of the waist and ends at another cabochon on the left side. From either cabochon may be suspended a shower of narrow ribbon streamers in various colors or the same color.

New England's Stunken River.

Off the coast of Maine and New Hampshire there is a large stunken river. The former land of these regions extends for several hundred miles beneath the sea. The present rivers are the headwaters of a former stream whose channel is revealed by soundings.

Coque Feathers Used on This Chic Turban



This is a smart turban of millan straw, the top of which is covered with coque feathers.

Poke Shaped Hat to Be Popular This Season

The early season hats this year are invariably poke shapes, fitting close to the head and with scarcely any brim. They are more youthful than any shapes the shops have had for some time, and should be becoming to most any type of face if properly trimmed. The pokes may be widened with huge ribbon bows, heightened with feathers or bronzed with side clusters of ribbon rosettes.

The most youthful effect for the poke is the side trim of shirred ribbon rosettes placed flatly at the sides of the bonnet. The rosettes may be made of plain ribbon, ribbon with silver or gold edges, metal ribbon or narrow black lace. The Parisian whim of the moment is to have a small cluster of bright flower buds in the center of the rosette. Round medallions of pearl heads are also popular as a center for gold or silver metal ribbon rosettes. Where pearls and metal ribbons are used more of an evening bonnet effect is obtained.

Evening affairs at present are demanding lace both for gowns and hats. Nothing could be prettier for a black lace dinner gown than the large black hat that is trimmed with exquisite black lace. There is nothing which softens the face as does lace. On large hats of horsehair, straw or tulle there is often just a sweep of wide lace about the crown which ends in long streamers at one side. Sometimes one streamer is long enough to be wound about the throat as a scarf. This is appropriate for restaurant wear, with the low-necked dinner gown.

On the small poke bonnets, black lace may be used in veil effect extending over the narrow brim and ending in a huge weird bow at one side.

Knitted Things Shown for the Sports Outfit

The year 1923 bids fair to be a record one for knitted sports clothes unless all the signs are wrong. European summer reports last year gave tremendous prestige to all kinds of machine and hand-knitted suits, sweaters, dresses, coats and capes. Practically nothing else was worn at the summer resorts along the northern coasts of France.

When the Biarritz season opened there was a continuance of the same things, except that the colors changed and instead of white, the sweater, suit, cape or coat turned ruddy brown, apple green, golden yellow or took on a barlequin effect by becoming multi-colored.

The greatest Paris dressmakers took up the idea and each one had his or her specialty. Chanel showed a sweater blouse with tailored suit. Worth showed the three-piece knitted suits, and many others, following in train, had their own particular models in dresses or suits that were knitted instead of made from woven materials.

The Russian workrooms, operated by titled Russian women for the benefit of Russian refugees, have produced many novelties in knitted garments. A type of sweater blouse that is knitted in Jacquard pattern is very popular in Paris at the moment. This idea is being strongly pushed by Chanel, Leprince and James, all of whom make a special feature of sports-wear garments for the smart women of Paris.

Waistline Is Higher Than Previous Season

As a general rule the waistline is slightly higher than it was last season, and skirts average about eight inches from the ground, according to a fashion writer in the New York Tribune. It is predicted by many that the long skirt is on the wane. The sleeves in daytime frocks are long and tight, or long and full, with the fullness gathered into a narrow band at the wrist, or else so short that they are little more than cuffs that barely cover the shoulder. The flaring cuff is sponsored by several of the leading dressmakers. Evening gowns are sleeveless, with deep-cut armholes.

Amber-Colored Velvet.

Amber-colored velvet is used to make one of the most lovely evening frocks of the season. The sleeves are formed of a circle of amber, held close to the arm above the elbow and held in place by strands of amber from the shoulder.

Chaiky Soil Tires Walkers. Pedestrians assert that a chaiky soil is the most tiring to walk on.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

CLAIMS ITS OWN

Old Ocean Wipes Out South Carolina Coast Town.

Advancing Atlantic Long Ago Took Over the Little City of Edingsville, Summer Resort.

Most of the barrier islands of the South Carolina coast are wild and lonely places. Some of them are lonelier today than they were 75 or 100 years ago. Thus there is one small island, where I have often fished in the surf, which was once the site of a town.

Here stood Edingsville, the summer home of the prosperous planters who farmed the fertile soil of larger islands lying between the more southerly barrier isles and the mainland and who lived like lords on their fine plantations, where they grew the best long staple cotton in the world.

There were three churches, it is said, and more than sixty houses in Edingsville, some of them large, three-story structures, handsomely finished, with carved mantles and fine woodwork, for the landowners of the coast were of the best blood of the South, and some of them were men of great wealth, as wealth was reckoned then.

Today scarcely a trace of this little seaside city remains. A few short, broken posts projecting from the sand at low tide, here and there a little of loose bricks washed about by the waves, some fragments of the old "tabby" concrete in common use in those days—only these are left to tell the story. Long ago, no man now living knows just when the ocean began to march against the town, and year after year, it advanced, inch by inch, foot by foot, steadily and relentlessly.

The disastrous ending of the Civil war, reducing most of the planters from affluence to poverty, had already dimmed Edingsville's gayety, and the invading ocean seemed bent upon completing the destruction which war had begun. Finally a great hurricane in the 'seventies or 'eighties—accounts vary as to the date—sent giant breakers surging through the place, and the planters realized that it was no longer safe to reside with the Atlantic.

Most of the remaining houses were dismantled for the sake of the good lumber in them; and now, the sea having continued its slow onward march, a man might walk from end to end of Edingsville beach and never guess that out where the long rollers are curling once stood three rows of dwellings, extending for nearly three miles along the sands.

I have caught many a channel bass where the village houses once stood, and have seen great sharks swim over the site of the town, and herds of porpoises plunge and roll in the breakers where, half a century—and more ago, men and women walked along the sandy streets; and some moonlit night in June I am going down to this beach and tide among the dunes and see a big turtle come up out of the surf. I have found turtle-trails there, and I can see the turtles themselves if I take the trouble to look for them in the season of turtles.

It will be worth the trouble, for I can think of few sights more strange than the sight of one of these armored, burrhead-crested sea monsters coming up in the night out of Edingsville's watery tomb.—Herbert Ravenel Saxe in Harper's Magazine.

Self-Loading Rifle.

That a perfectly strong and well-designed navy rifle for one of the battleships would unlock its massive breech and open itself when fired with the light charges used for saluting, but when used with the high-pressure full-service charges would remain as firmly locked as the vault of a great city bank during the hours of darkness, is an interesting fact revealed by Capt. Edward C. Crossman in Popular Mechanics.

The resulting line of investigation terminated in the application for a patent by Commander Blish on a form of breech-locking device for big and little guns which would remain firmly locked during the high and dangerous pressure of the explosion in the gun chamber, but would then unlock itself and permit the breech to open when the pressure had fallen to a safe point, and the projectile had left the barrel.

Hardly to Blame.

Recently I gained considerably in weight. On the main street at theater time my daughter turned to look in a window, and wondering why I did not answer she looked back, and there I lay flat on my face.

Two thin young men ran to pick me up, but to no avail, and one, a big fish escaping, said to my daughter, "I'm so sorry, but I can't budge her."

His contrition was genuine and my daughter went into gales of laughter.—Exchange.

The Hit That Failed.

I sing in a vested choir in a church in my home town where we end each hymn by singing, "A-men."

Not long ago I visited a girl friend of mine and on Sunday went to church with her. I sat next to a gentleman she had been anxious to have me meet. I sang lustily on the first hymn, thinking all the time how much of an impression I must be making. At the close of the hymn I ended with "a-men," discovering too late that I was the only one singing it.—Exchange.

Good Manners Are Guides.

Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—Sidney Smith.

